

Hermitzine 9:

H is for

Hermitcraft





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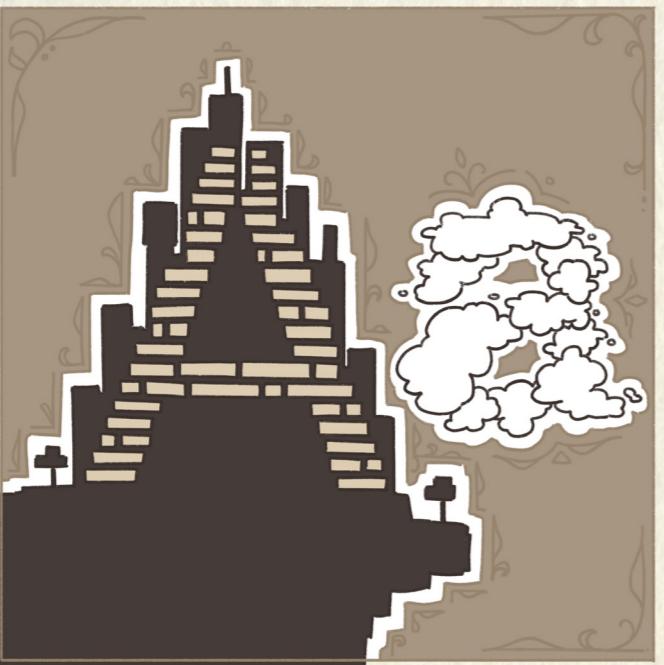
Hermitzine Presents

Hermitzine 9: H is for Hermitcraft

by fans, for fans

 Rainbow Press • Hermitlandia

To Kaya, Raian, and Havana
Harrow,



is for
Aerial and Architect



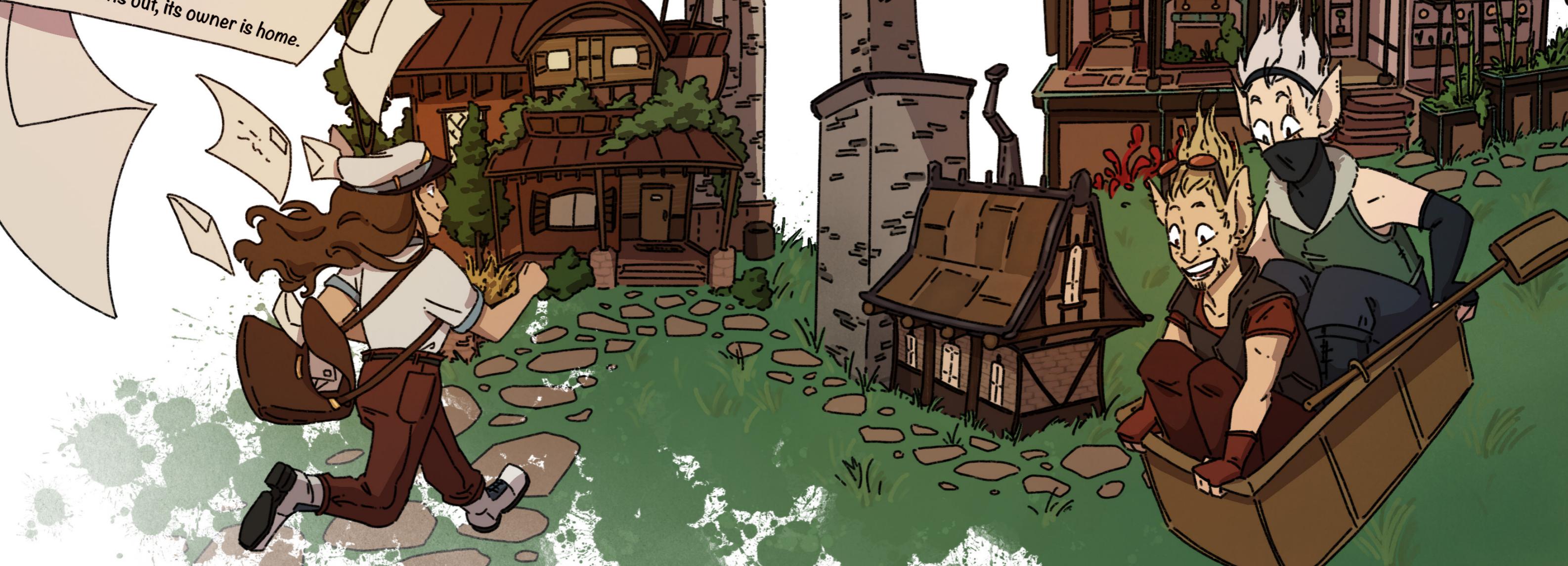
After a long day's work, Pearl stops to eat lunch.

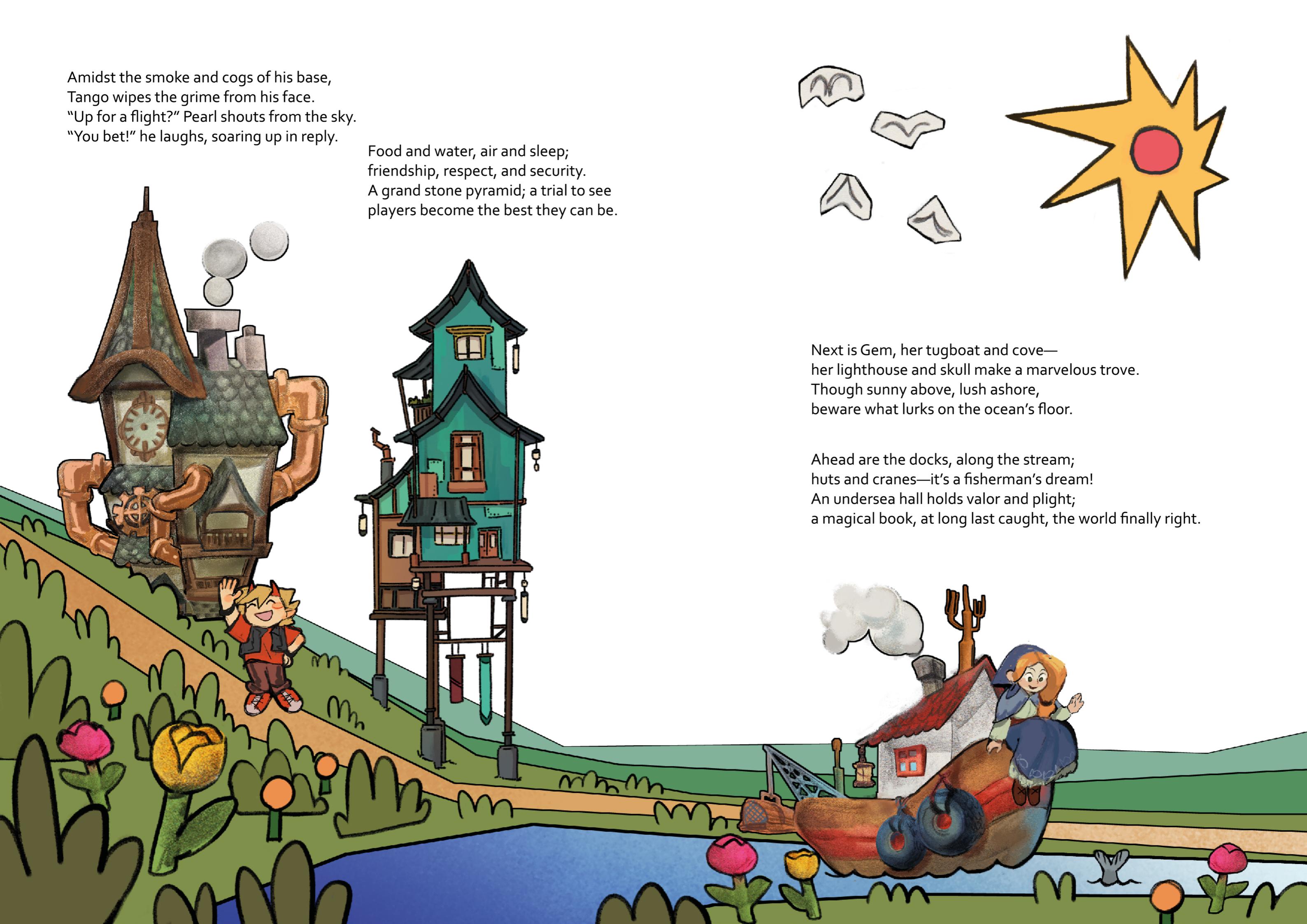
In swoops Gem, with a grin and a punch!

"Come see my base," Gem pleads to her friend.

Pearl says, "Just let my lunch break end!"

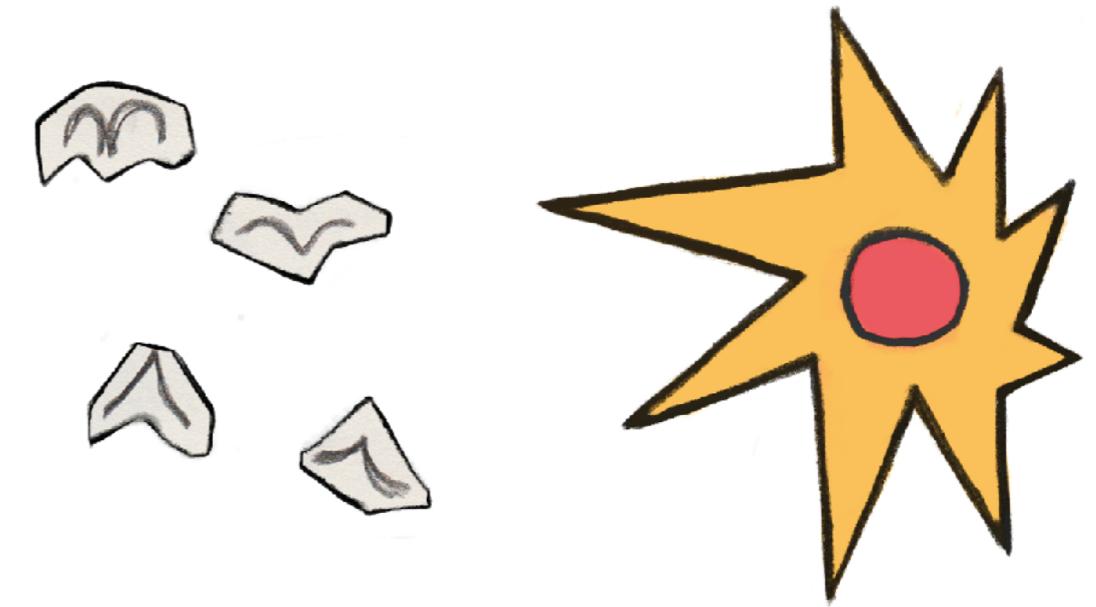
When the food's been eaten, blocks
stored away,
the pair takes off for the sunny blue day.
Across from Pearl's is a steampunk
abode,
and as it turns out, its owner is home.





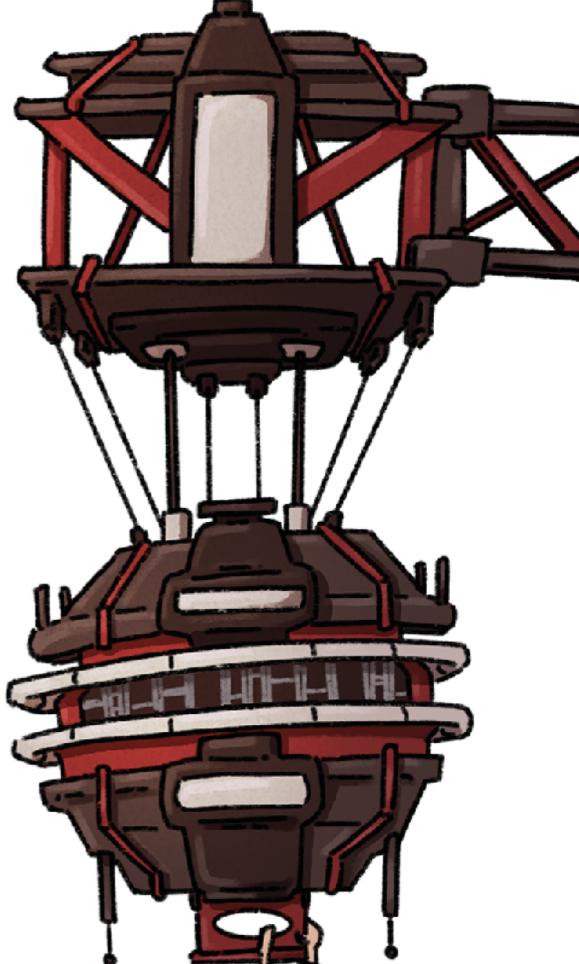
Amidst the smoke and cogs of his base,
Tango wipes the grime from his face.
"Up for a flight?" Pearl shouts from the sky.
"You bet!" he laughs, soaring up in reply.

Food and water, air and sleep;
friendship, respect, and security.
A grand stone pyramid; a trial to see
players become the best they can be.



Next is Gem, her tugboat and cove—
her lighthouse and skull make a marvelous trove.
Though sunny above, lush ashore,
beware what lurks on the ocean's floor.

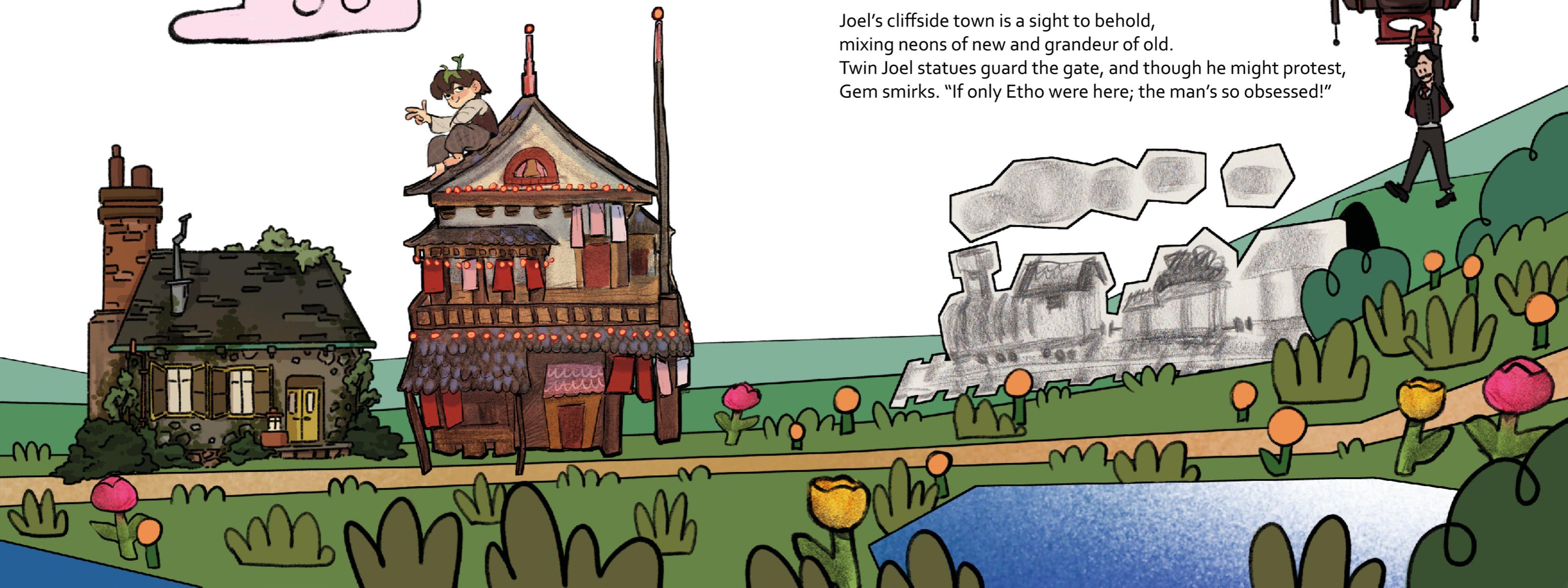
Ahead are the docks, along the stream;
huts and cranes—it's a fisherman's dream!
An undersea hall holds valor and plight;
a magical book, at long last caught, the world finally right.



'Round the bend is Scar's colorful train,
tracks propped up on rocky terrain.
Elephants, bees, giraffes and fish too;
a wacky array for a wonderful zoo.



A red-dressed llama at the foot of a pit;
a dangling base reached through death by spit.
"You should go in," Gem says in a tease.
"I have so many levels—I'm good!" Tango pleads.

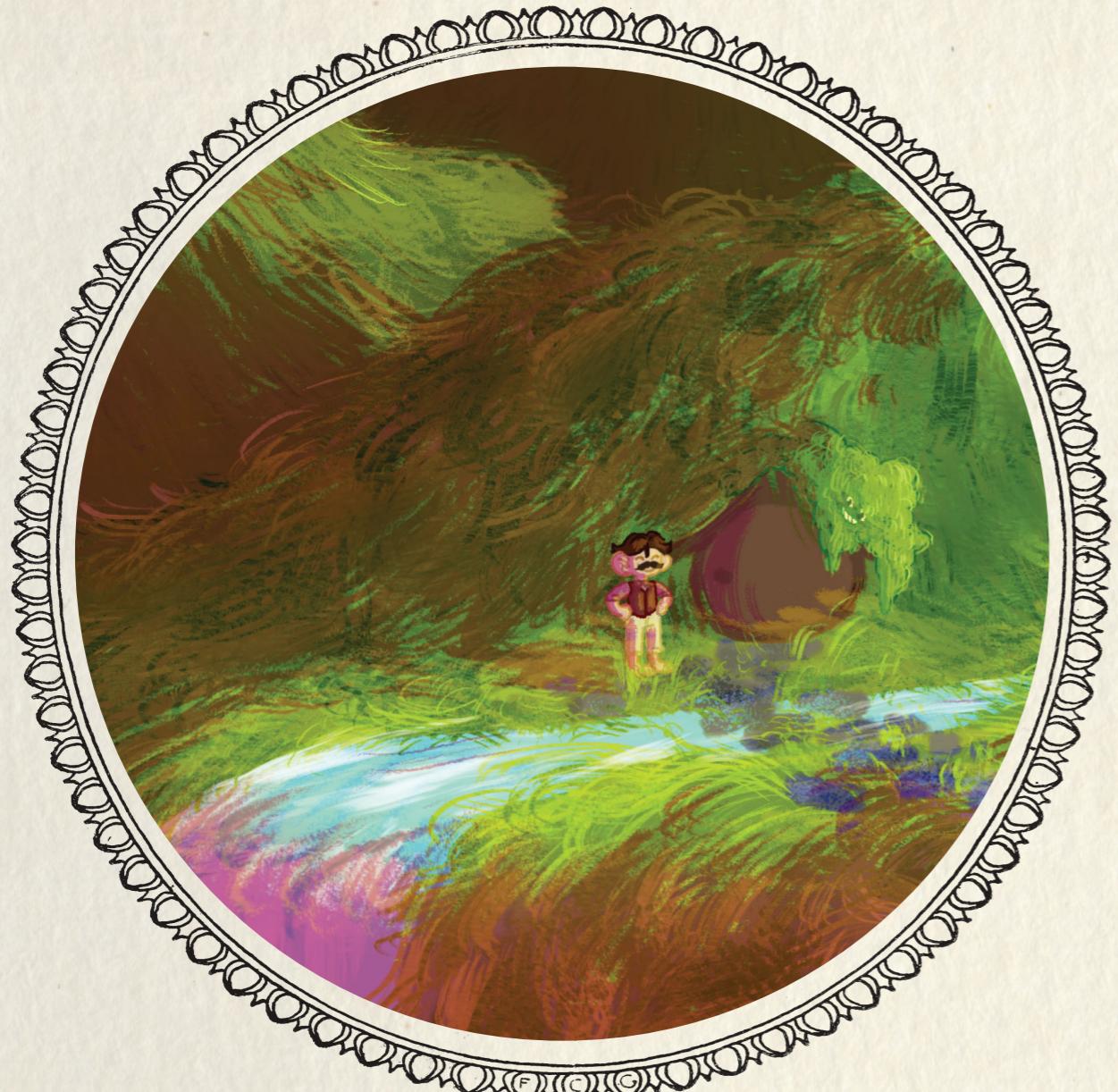


Joel's cliffside town is a sight to behold,
mixing neons of new and grandeur of old.
Twin Joel statues guard the gate, and though he might protest,
Gem smirks. "If only Etho were here; the man's so obsessed!"

Vibrant graffiti thrown up on the walls,
lights flashing over marketplace stalls!
The cyberpunk city is sure to astound,
with its details galore and tech all around.

With the mountain circled, bases all seen,
it's back to Pearl's, her red roofs and lush greens.
The friends bid goodbye; the tour's been fun,
then it's back to work, the day far from done.



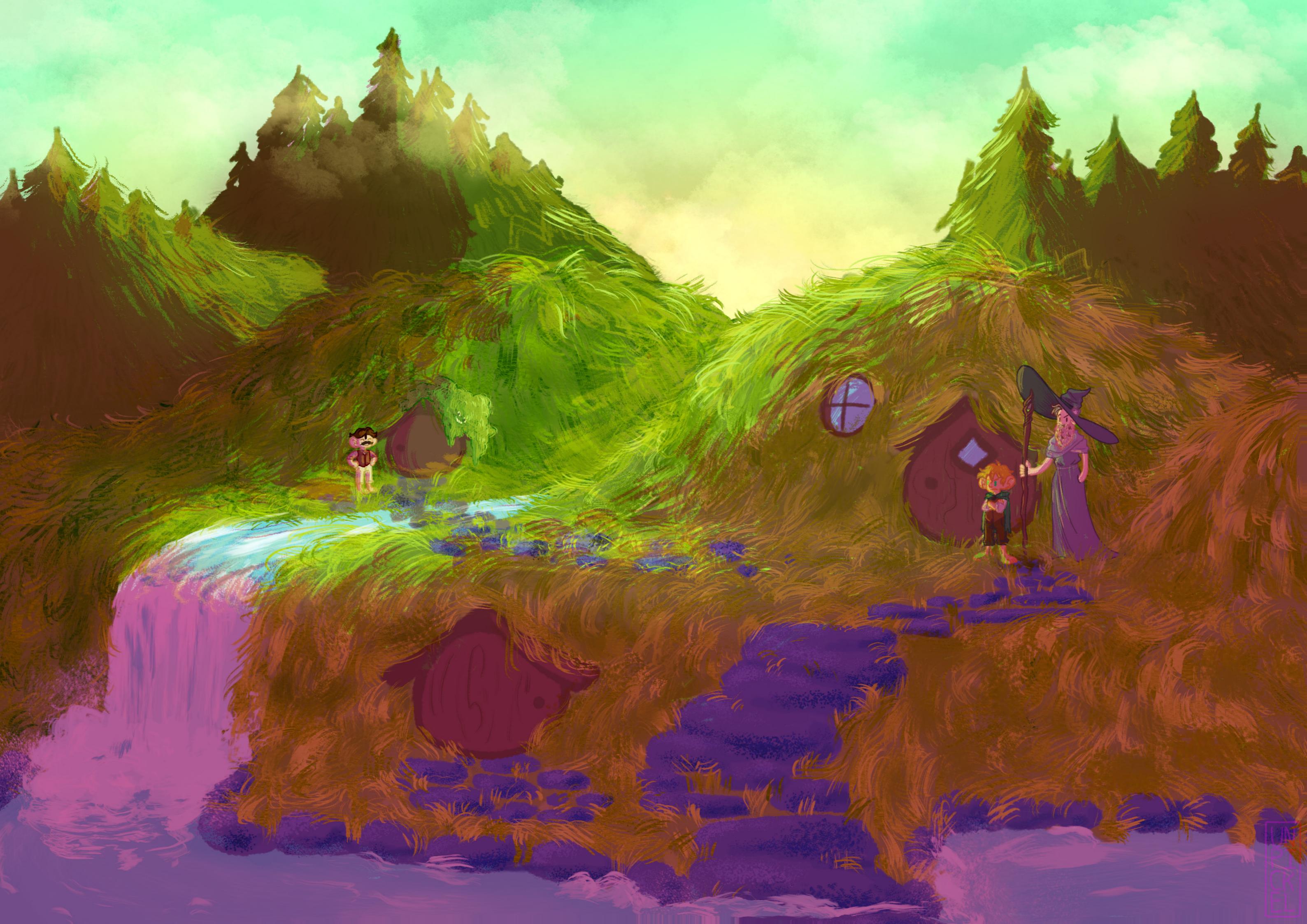


To Pickel, Alexandrasketch,
and Roy,



is for

Bumbo Baggins





B is for Bumbo Baggins

umbo leaned on the edge of the stand, idly messing with his communicator and pointedly *not* stealing glances at the large crowd that was milling around the small plaza. He hadn't really been expecting many hermits to come by his stand, even with all the signs he had placed around the rocket loudly declaring that he knew what HCBBS stood for, but he had been hoping for at least one. Maybe even two. *Definitely* not 7.

The alarm Mumbo had set went off, and he jumped, barely managing to catch his communicator before it hit the edge of a block face first. He straightened up, doing his best to pretend that his face wasn't as red as it felt, and faced the small crowd of hermits before him.

"Hello!" he started, ignoring how his voice threatened to break. "Welcome to the inaugural tour of the HCBBS headquarters!" He made a flourishing motion with his hands, smiling widely at his audience.

"*This is the headquarters?*" Grian asked, glancing around at the small stall right in the middle of the shopping district. Mumbo's smile faltered, but he pasted it back on, forcing a laugh.

"No, of course not! Here at HCBBS we take our headquarters seriously, this is the meeting point! If you'll follow me, I'll take you to our true headquarters!" With that, he turned and launched into the sky, hearing several other hermits launch themselves into the sky behind him. Not quite 7, though. He wasn't sure if that was a relief, or a disappointment.

He landed in front of the HCBBS headquarters, and turned to see 5 hermits landing behind him. Two had stayed behind, then. That was fine! Great, even! A 71% retention rate! Numbers would climb soon, he was sure.

"This is your starter base," Bdubs said, confused, and Mumbo straightened up, moving off to the side so everyone could get a good look at the headquarters entrance.

"Not just my starter base!" he said, gesturing grandly at the doors. He was still quite proud of the build. It was warm and inviting, everything the entrance to a hobbit headquarters should be.

"Welcome to the Hermitcraft Bumbo Baggins Society headquarters!" Mumbo said, beaming when the hermits let out cheers.

“We at the HCBBS believe that once the countdown ends, all hermits will become hobbits,” Mumbo continued, clapping his hands together.

“There will be quests, food, and even more food available for all hobbits, and if you join today, you’ll get a free outfit, access to this headquarters, exclusive quests to acquire offerings for the countdown clock, and most importantly, a society of friends to enjoy merriment with when the changeover arrives!” He paused for a second, letting his words sink in before he turned and opened the doors with a flourish.

“Who’s ready for a tour?” He asked grandly, gesturing for the hermits to enter his base. They all filed in, except for Scar and Bdubs, who were pulling out their communicators and checking them with slight frowns on their faces.

“Sorry, Mumbo.” Scar said, looking up after a second and flashing a grin, “There’s been an emergency at the mayor’s office.”

“We’ll be back later!” Bdubs said, pulling out his rockets. Scar nodded along as he pulled his own rockets out.

“We need a tour, Mumbo!” Scar said cheerily as he and Bdubs flew off to the shopping district. Mumbo waved as they left, turning and entering the headquarters

once they had disappeared from view.

The other hermits milled around inside, still in the, honestly quite cramped, entrance to his starter base.

“Right this way,” he said, leading the group of hermits up the ladder and into the main part of his storage base stopping in front of the doors of the headquarters.

“Here is the official entrance to the headquarters.” He opened the door, walking in and gesturing for the hermits to follow him.

They all gathered around the table in the first food hall, and Mumbo opened his mouth to begin explaining what the room was when Grian spoke.

“Why are there so many tables in here?” Grian asked, staring into the rest of the headquarters in confusion. Mumbo laughed slightly, thrown a little off balance by the sudden question. He should have expected it, really.

“They’re food halls,” he explained, “since hobbits eat 6 meals a day, there are 6 of them.” Grian nodded, opening his mouth to say something else when his communicator sounded, and he pulled it out in a hurry.

“Speaking of eating, have you fed your base recently, Mumbo?” Grian asked. Mumbo froze, a panicked expression on his face.

"I'm gonna go feed it, don't wait up for me," Grian said, running out of the room. A rocket taking off followed shortly after, and Mumbo looked at the remaining 2 hermits, Cleo and xB.

"Well," he started, laughing awkwardly, "as Grian pointed out, there's quite a few food halls in the headquarters."

A pause.

"Let's start the tour!" He clapped his hands and led them further into the headquarters. They made the appropriate appreciative noises at all the decorations in the food halls, and Mumbo found himself having quite a bit of fun showing off his work.

They ended up in the meeting room, Mumbo explaining that this was where they would be sent off on quests, and where any hobbit meetings would be held in the future.

"And what were the membership benefits again?" xB asked, glancing around at the meeting room, studying the maps on the walls. Mumbo straightened and took a breath before speaking.

"The membership benefits include a free hobbit outfit for each member to join, exclusive access to quests to gather offerings for the countdown clock, and the

friendship of all the other hermit hobbits," he said proudly. Cleo and xB nodded thoughtfully, and he glanced between them once.

"Would you like to join?" he asked, watching as they shared a glance.

"Yeah, sure, why not," Cleo said, xB nodding in agreement. Mumbo beamed at them, opening his inventory and pulling out some food he had cooked.

"In that case, I declare a feast!" He cheered, setting the food out on the tables. Cleo and xB joined him, all of them sitting down to eat.

Numbers would be up soon. He was certain of it.

To Cal, Violet, and AFK,



is for

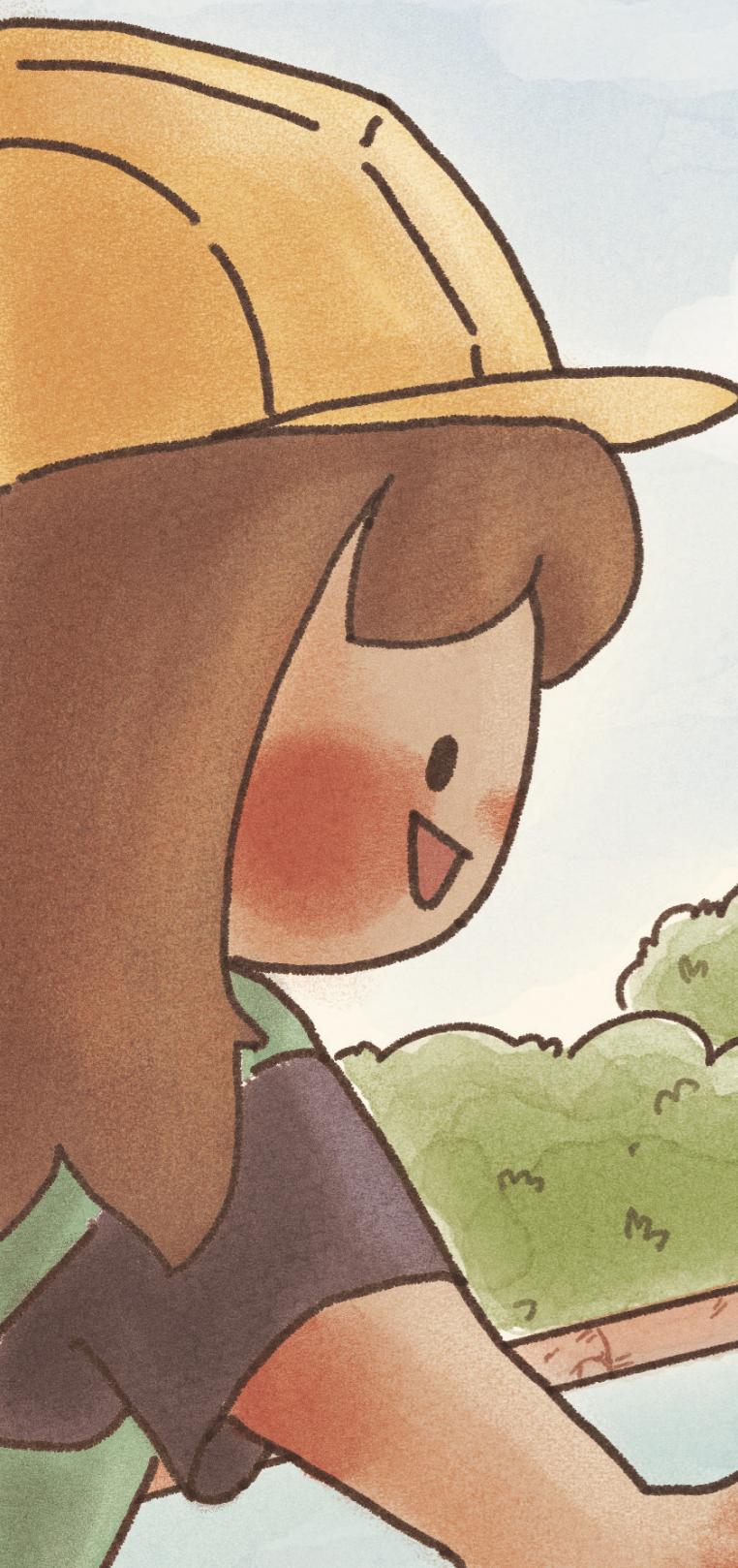
Chest (Monster)



Chest Monsters were a problem that the Hermits often battled. Sometimes successfully, but often not. Pearl had taken it upon herself to fix those messes before they could overtake a person's base. And, if needed, she'd offer help to any Hermit who had already succumbed to the disaster of a messy base.

She pulled on her boots and stood up straight.
The sun had risen and it was time to get to work!
There were three bases on her list this morning.
Three bases that needed a cleaning lady to inspect them for unnecessary mess.





Hermitcraft's beauty sprawled out below her as she flew across the server. Her first inspection of the day was at Etho's base. There wasn't much there - just a floating building and some sort of redstone contraption surrounded by a large sheet of water. But even the smallest of spaces could become cluttered.

If anything, they were more likely to end up that way.

Pearl surveyed from above. There were a few shulkers scattered about - and Etho himself, crouched amongst them, tinkering with something - but it didn't look like the start of a chest monster.

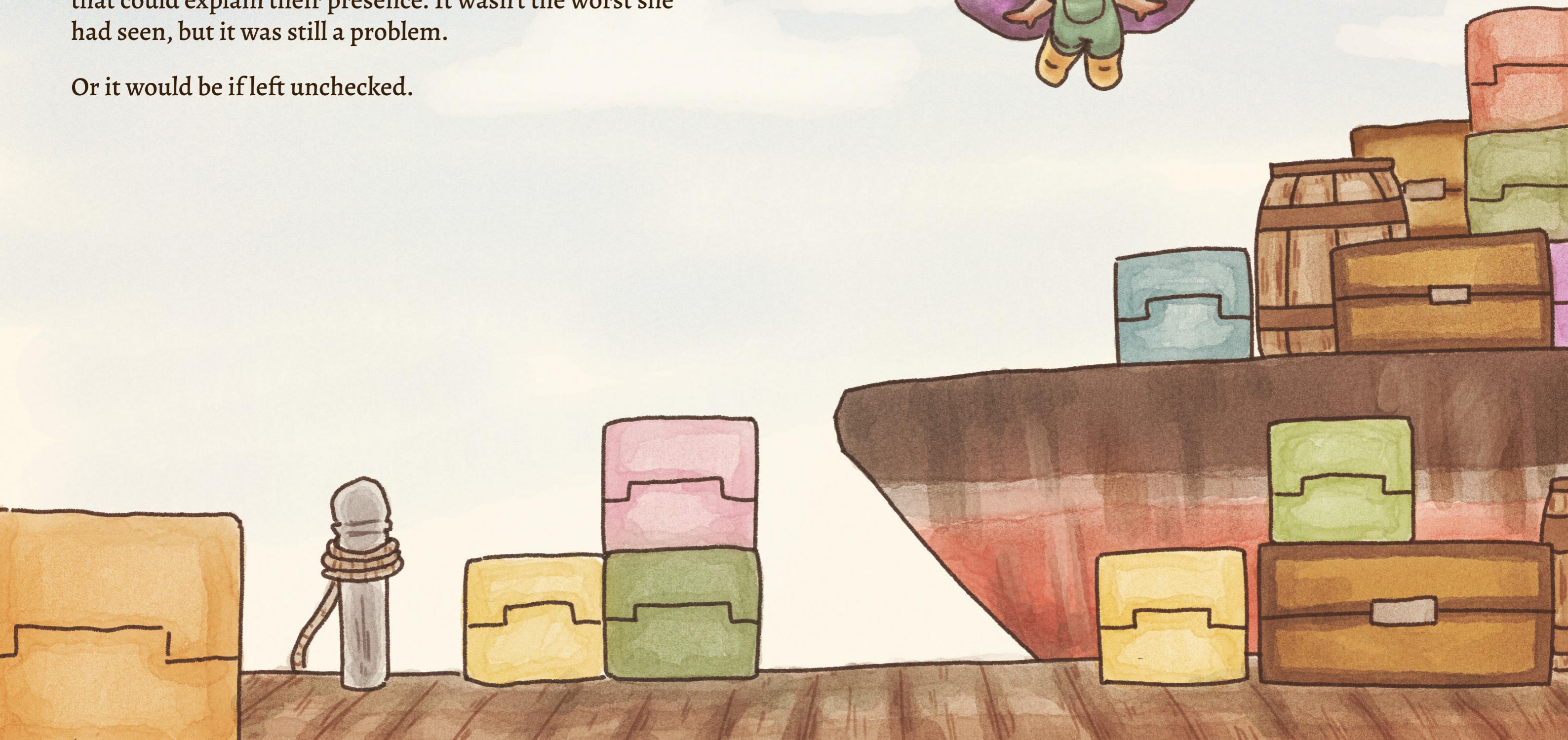
No, just a Hermit keeping materials close whilst working. Perfectly normal and expected, and would likely be cleared away once he was done. Nothing to worry about.

Etho didn't seem to have noticed that Pearl was there, so she left before she disturbed him, and made her way to the second base on her list.

Keralis' area was a bit further away - half of a giant ship pushed up against the shore, little wooden buildings decorating the coastline. A tiny ocean town, it was ever so pretty.

Pearl had barely reached the structures before she noticed what was, undeniably, the beginnings of a chest monster. Multicoloured shulkers and double chests dotted across the sand, with no sign of organisation or nearby construction that could explain their presence. It wasn't the worst she had seen, but it was still a problem.

Or it would be if left unchecked.





She landed amongst the mess and crossed her arms over her chest. Now what should she do about this?

It wasn't bad enough for her to act on it immediately. But she would make a note and leave a message. A very particular message in the form of a record she'd made a week or so ago.

'Huh? What's this then? A chest monster?! ~ This looks like you may be in need of the servers Cleaning Lady Services.'

One inspection left. And this one- well. Pearl already knew this Hermit was probably going to need her assistance.

Scar was renowned for his chest monster troubles, after all.

Scarland was looking more and more stunning every day, but in the space underneath- oh. Oh, what a mess. What a disaster!

Dozens and dozens of shulkers and chests, scattered and stacked all over the grass. No organisation, no order, no reason. Just a horrific build-up of clutter!

A chest monster this size was a rare sight indeed. Pearl couldn't decide if she should be shocked or concerned. Possibly both!

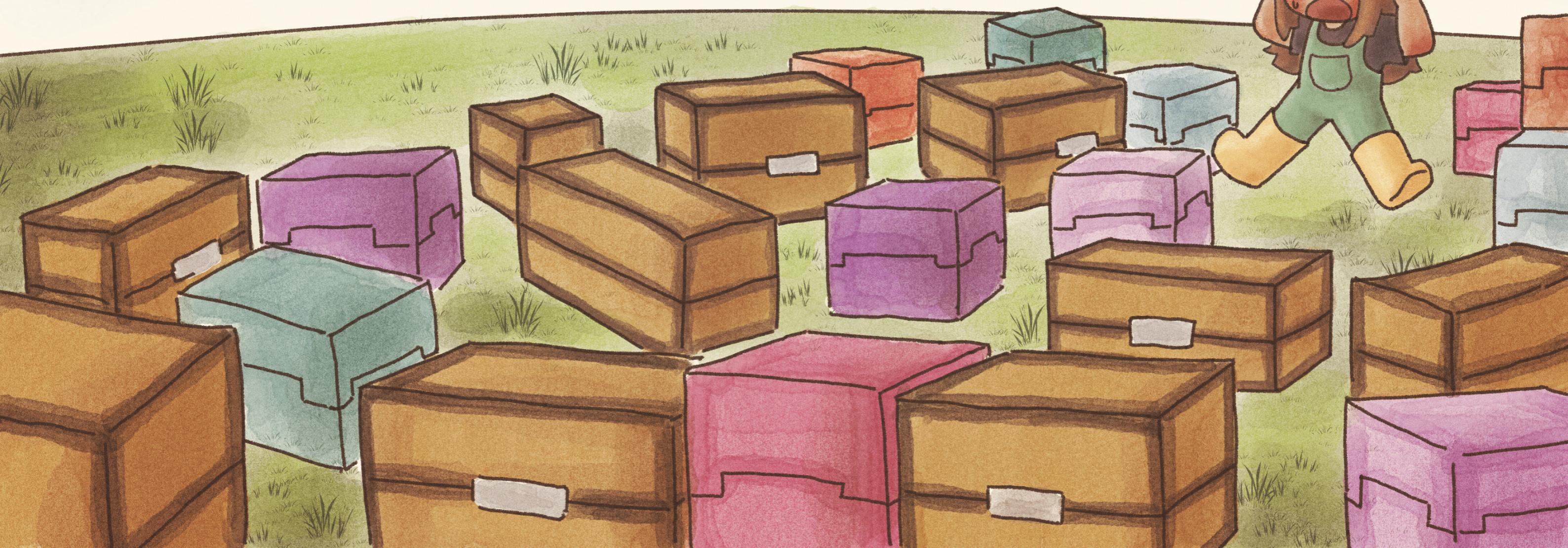
Either way, she stood there staring at the chaos. If this was left much longer it could spread to unfathomable sizes.

Or maybe it was already too late.

A strongly worded note and offer of her services were definitely needed here. Scar was not going to tidy this on his own, Pearl was sure of that.

But she would do it for him, gladly!

For a fee, of course.



Attack of the Chest Monsters

Scar rummaged through his collection of chests and shulker boxes, pulling out materials to bring his ideas to life. Scarland was getting a little cluttered, though. Or at least, the space beneath it was. And it made finding what he wanted quite difficult.

Today, however, whatever he was looking for seemed to appear as if by magic in the first chest he looked in. Scar couldn't believe his luck, that never happened! Maybe he had memorized where everything was without even realizing it. Wouldn't that be brilliant!

At first, Scar didn't think to question it. But- maybe he should have. Something wasn't quite right, but he couldn't place it. He was probably imagining things, hearing things. Chests didn't randomly creak or shift places on their own!

Right?

Scar was pulled from his thoughts as the chest he was digging through twitched. Yes. *Twitched*. Just a little. Barely noticeable.

It twitched again. And then, suddenly, the hinges creaked and snapped shut, so fast Scar barely avoided getting bitten by it.

Bitten. By a chest! Not possible. Was someone pranking him?

He stumbled back, slightly stunned, heart pounding against his ribs. Around him, more chests and shulkers started shifting from their places and moving on their own.

"What in the world-"

The chest in front of him shuffled forward in the grass, opening its lid as wide as it would go before snapping closed again.

This had to be a prank! Or- perhaps- a dream? A weird dream?

Yes, a dream. That made *much* more sense!

But realizing that this was probably a dream, didn't make him wake up from it.

To his left, a shulker box jolted towards him and he scrambled away from it, almost tripping over another chest in the process.

Okay, real or not. Staying here probably wasn't a good idea!

Scar ran. He wasn't sure where he was running to. But he ran all the same. Away from the mass of chests and shulkers that crept across the grass as if they were growing legs and learning to walk.

Perhaps they were.

Creaking, clanking, and growling sounds followed him. Growing louder. Scar looked over his shoulder to see them, gnashing teeth and galloping after him at an alarming pace. They *had* grown legs!

He pulled out a rocket and jumped into the air, elytra wings opening wide as he flew high into the sky. There's no way they could follow him up here, he'd be safe, and then maybe he would wake up from this weird dream.

Because it *had* to be a dream. It couldn't be anything else!

The mass of chests faded into the distance, and for a moment Scar dared to be relieved and relax a little.

Only for a moment, though.

Far beneath him was another gathering of chests, clambering across the landscape as if chasing something.

No, *someone*.

Multiple *someone's*!

Two familiar figures were running from the beasts. And as Scar swooped down to run beside them he could see quite clearly that it was Mumbo and Cleo.

"Well hello there!" Scar grinned as he matched their pace, his expression slightly wild.

"Not the time, Scar!" Cleo snapped back. She looked annoyed by all of this, more than anything else. Maybe that was to be expected.

Mumbo looked panicked, wide-eyed and confused. But then, he often looked like that.

The sound of rockets fired overhead, and they all looked up to see False above them, moving deftly through the air as she drew back her bow and fired at the creatures chasing them.

Scar glanced back, expecting to see the hoard of legged chests - and that is what he saw - but amongst them was something unlike anything he had ever seen. A giant chest, twice- no, *thrice* the size of a normal one, barrelling ahead of the rest and quickly gaining ground. Huge jaws full of terrifying teeth.

"Oh gosh!" Mumbo yelled as he saw it too.

Stood atop the giant chest was a human shape, with dog ears and dark glasses glinting in the sunlight. It could only be Ren. Holding his arms wide and riding it like a surfboard as it galloped across the field.

How had he gotten up there? It probably didn't matter. Dreams didn't make sense!

None of this made sense!

No. Wait.

Yes it did!

Chest *monsters*! That's what these things were! Not creatures, *monsters*! The Hermit's chest monsters come to life!

Scar couldn't help but wonder if his subconscious was trying to tell him something with that realization...

The swarm approached from all sides, the beasts growling and snapping their teeth like hungry dogs.

False landed nearby, and the five of them stopped in their tracks, standing back to back. Surrounded.

The chest monsters came closer. Scar was soon face to face with one. It snarled and took a half step back on strange, skinny legs. And then leapt at him, teeth bared -

Scar jolted awake, flailing slightly as he sat up and got his bearings.

He was sitting in the grass in his storage area. He'd sat down to rest after sorting through a bunch of things. He must have fallen asleep.

All of that madness was just a bad dream then. It had to be. He hadn't woken up in his bed, so he hadn't died and respawned. It had just been a weird dream.

Standing slowly, heart racing, Scar cautiously looked around at all the chests and shulker boxes in his area. Completely still. Motionless. Inanimate objects. Just as they were supposed to be.

He breathed a sigh of relief. What a weird nightmare that had been. But it was just a nightmare.

Maaaaybe clearing up some of his chest monster wasn't such a bad idea.

For now, he pulled out his communicator and tapped out a message.

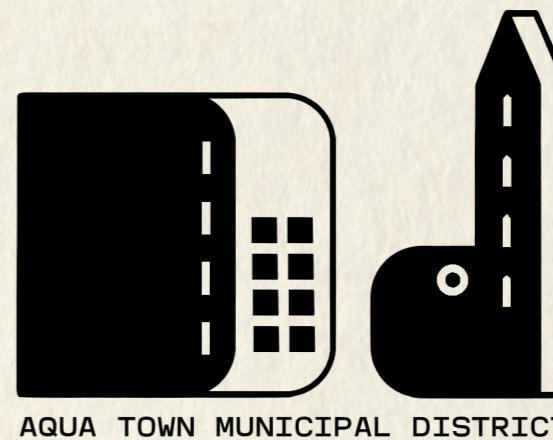
<GoodTimeWithScar> guys you will not BELIEVE the weird dream I just had!



"C" is for Chest Monster.



To Sanastratus, Foggyraven,
and Rye,



is for
Downtown



D is for Downtown

Downtown in the morning is a different place;
For once, a calm and tranquil space.
In a city working nine to five,
The early hours are when it comes alive.

Sunrise in Aquatown. Those glorious few minutes of the earliest morning when the city was quiet and at peace, and the skyscrapers were washed in warm pinks and soft oranges.

Take me to any dimension, or city, or land,
Take me to a paradise of sun and golden sand.
Give me the highest spires, or the most perfect lawn;
But nowhere will be better than Downtown at dawn.

Golden rays peeked tentatively over the horizon and danced through the closed shops of downtown Aquatown, weaving through the curtains of the sleeping city. They wouldn't wake yet, though. Even now was too early for the city that supposedly never slept.

Uptown may have the trendiest shops,
Or grand stations, or posh bus stops,
It may be the busiest or the richest part
But it's Downtown that will always have my heart.

As the sky lightened more and more, rising from the inky black of the night to gentle reds, waves of orange, hints of yellow and eventually the soft pastel beginnings of light blue, the city slowly came to life. Early morning workers started to begin their shifts. The first traffic jams of the day began winding through the streets. Scents of cinnamon and fresh dough rose from the pop-up breakfast bars selling their first orders. The neon lights of the Moo-pop Cafe were turned on and the whole of Aquatown started to stir, rumbling like a great beast awakening from hibernation. Light meant life.

*Stop for a moment at the Moo-pop Cafe
And pick up a drink to start off the day.
After all, what place is more tranquil and warming
Than downtown in the early morning?*

And from the top floor of the highest skyscraper, a glass monolith that brushed the soft morning clouds, a lone figure and his cat looked out over the city. He looked, and he smiled.

*For D can be for fresh Drinks, Dawn, Daring Displays,
Decked Out, Dragons, or Digging for Days,
Decorations, Demise, or Danger, too;
But Downtown is where love really shines through!*



To Rayhan, Leo, and Dopple,



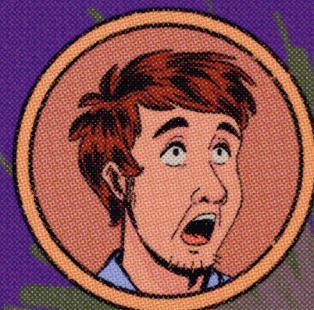
is for

Exploration,
Explosion, and End



25¢

WITH...



E IS FOR... END

No. 5



... The End?

What does the End mean to the player?

Physically, it is the same. The textures may get updated and the dragon might change how it fights, but it remains the same world after world. A central island filled with pillars of crystals keeping a lone dragon alive. The final boss in the journey of Minecraft. You move to avoid its damaging breath as you take out its health with every crystal taken down, every shot of your bow, every swing of your sword until it's no more. Her last act is to leave the first victor a trophy of their achievement: the lone dragon egg. And the portal opens and you are able to leave. Or you can stay, traveling through portals or 1000 blocks of sheer determination to the end islands to raid what little cities scatter the landscape for elytras, dragon heads, shulker shells, or other valuable tools and armor. The world changes. The End does not change.

But to tell a player how to experience the End is to prevent them from truly experiencing it.

The End is full of potential. Full of cities to explore and experiences to gain. Challenges both designed and created by the player to make the End truly unique to their world. Sometimes it's even taking the End's design into the player's own hands, manipulating its features into something truly unique to that player and world. The purpose of the End is not to be stifling due to its limitations. The End's limitations breed creativity and adventure into whatever the player chooses it to be.

Let's start at the beginning. Once upon a time, there was a server called Hermitcraft.

This server often starts anew, dropping its players into a new world fresh and ripe with opportunities. And that means confronting the End. Often the dragon dies very quickly. Sometimes with the best gear villagers can buy. Other times it's quite literally their fists.

"Let's do it!" Pearl cheered as her fellow Hermits rushed onto the central end island, splitting up to take down the various pillars regenerating the Dragon's health. Though that was an easier task said than done considering the only equipment they had were leather hats, some blocks, food, snowballs (or eggs, in Impulse's case) and wooden swords. "Survive please. Do ... do not die, Hermits. We are professionals here."

Joehillssays was slain by Enderman

Keralisi was slain by Enderman

Pearlescentmoon was slain by Ender Dragon

VintageBeef was slain by Enderman

false symmetry was slain by Ender Dragon

ZombieCleo was slain by Ender Dragon

RenDog fell from a high place

ImpulseSV fell from a high place

"It could be worse, right?" Keralis asked as the Hermit began to attack the dragon from the back side as it perched.

"I mean, we're doing really well." Cleo replied. "I don't know what everyone else is doing."

"I don't think 'really well' is ..." Beef began but began laughing enough to where he didn't finish the sentence.

And even after the Dragon's initial defeat and the egg has been retrieved, many still take the challenge to acquire the resources needed to respawn the dragon. Assuming they know how to craft said materials.

"WHO MADE PANES?!" BDubs was yelling at the other members of the nHo as they tried to craft the end crystals to respawn the dragon. Etho was laughing at the frustration, and he could maybe see a snicker form on xB's face as well.

"It's panes!" Etho tried to assure him. "I know it's panes."

"It's panes. Yeah." Doc agreed.

"Man, somebody try to make this thing then!" He yelled as he tossed all the materials by the three crafting benches they had set up underneath a little endermen protection cobble roof. "It's glass blocks for god ... I'm looking it up; Wiki here I come."

"Throw it at me, then." Doc said. "Okay, let's see."

"I think you have everything." XB affirmed.

"Show us. Show how it's done Doc." Etho encouraged cheekily.

"Oh ... uh ... oh shoot it's glass blocks." Doc breathed.

"YEAH." BDubs said, smiling smugly as he was just proven right.

Sounds of dejection and curiosity came from xB and Etho before BDubs continued. "ITS GLASS BLOCKS IM ON THE WIKI RIGHT NOW FOR GODS."

"They changed it! They changed it!" Etho interrupted before it got too heated.

"We're trapped in here." Doc said, before everyone remembered that they had not, in fact, respawned the dragon yet and the portal to the overworld was still there.

"We're professionals!" XB tried to assure everyone as they re-entered the overworld. "We're professionals!"

And they find new and innovative ways to achieve the end of the game. Never losing sight of the fun that the challenge presents itself as. Over ...

"I'll try and help." Zedaph kind of muttered as he aimed his bow at the crystal from the back of the boat False was steering. A boat battle against the Ender Dragon.

"Yeah, you might want to help." False half chuckled as she did her best to avoid hitting her fellow hermit and hit the crystal.

Zedaph was killed by the Enderdragon.

"Nevermind!" Zed's voice crackled through the comms channel.

And Over ...

"Alright, here comes the perch." Cub said as he launched another set of fireworks into the sky. It missed, but the red still illuminated nicely against the back of the sky and dragon as it began its descent.

"It's perching! It's perching!" Hypno called out again.

"Give me that breath, girl." Impulse said, in a somewhat surly tone. Not many people seemed to acknowledge it as they were more focused on the dragon amongst the cacophony of fireworks around it. But Pearl certainly did, and the two of them were laughing almost immediately after it was said. "That's ... that's a line."

"That's certainly a line. Oh!" Pearl replied before going to pelt the dragon with her own set of fireworks.

"Oh my god that's so loud." Impulse muttered as fireworks upon fireworks launched itself into the dragon.

"Dude, this is getting wrecked." Jevin commented right before it ended the perch.

"Oh man, that took down like half the health." Cub commented as the Dragon began its path to the pillars again. Following it again as more fireworks launched into the sky to hit it, he chuckled. "Most colorful dragon fight ever."

And over again.

But to others, the dragon nor its egg is the prize they seek. They expand themselves to the outer reaches of the End dimension to find the riches lurking within its walls. Enchanted gear and tools, the shells of fallen shulker to expand their inventories, and especially the elytra, nestled down in the rare floating ship for those able to find it. Or those competing to find it.

"I just came up with the next challenge next time we do this when we are actually competing." Iskall proclaimed to Mumbo as the

two were tackling an early end city in their busting efforts. They were separated, each trying to gather the most shells, wings and loot they could find. Though they were having fun, even though it was just the start. The loot wasn't the main draw of this; it was the time relaxing and joking around with friends that made it all.

"Yeah?" Mumbo asked as another shulker sent his levitating.

"I bet you ... okay, this is one of the dares, right?"

"Okay."

"I dare you that I can win a shulker box hunt between me and you without a bow when you have a bow."

"Really?" Mumbo asked, shouting a quick glance down at the sword and shield and his hands. "You really gonna say that?"

"I'm going to say that. You know I'm savage. I'm going to say that."

"You might be right, to be honest with you. I mean I'm not ... I'm not saying it's impossible that that would happen because you are far better .." Mumbo's soft chuckles ended the sentence, but Iskall also interrupted him.

"That's the weirdest answer I've ever heard. It's like ..." Iskall took a breath before launching into a bad Mumbo impression. "Yeah no that's quite right, actually. Yeah." Mumbo began laughing as he continued. "No that's true I'm kind of bad ain't I?"

"Yeah but it is true though!" Mumbo objected. "I am, I'm genuinely terrible at End Busting. I mean ... that's kinda why we do this together because I'm comically awful." The statement was met with dead silence, save for the sound of Shulkers around them.

"It is quite funny, yeah."

The end is not always as beautiful though. The End can be dangerous if you don't treat it right. Endermen ready to take your life if you look at them wrong, long stretches of void ready to claim you and your stuff forever, or broken end portals with no way back home.

"This is fine." Cleo tried to assure herself as her legs dangle over the edge of the End portal frame. This time there was no portal back to the overworld because ... there was no overwork. It was probably a pile of rubble under the Moon crashing into the ground. She hopes everyone is okay but ... she doesn't know. She said bye to Joe as he flew off but even then ... did he escape? Did BDubs or Xisuma or anyone really? She didn't speak Enderman to ask about it, she couldn't go home to check, and she was alone. Alone in the End with no way to see if anyone survived. Well, at least she didn't have to worry about the dragon killing her too.

But the End is not confined just to the End. The End manifests in the overworld in other ways as well. For some, it's a chorus plant by their farms for fruits. For many, it's the decoration or lighting of end rods to fill up the space. It's the shulker box with their supplies, the elytra taking them places, the endstone snuck into their build. And, at least once, Doc brought him the actual Dragon.

"It's safe, don't worry." Doc assured Xisuma as the latter was flying up to the top of the flagpole where Doc had it perched. His pet was, in fact, perfectly harmless. It simply circled around the End Crystal placed at the top like a very big guard dog. It couldn't hurt a fly even if it wanted to.

"Safe?!" Xisuma protested in disbelief. "It's an Ender Dragon!"

Doc laughed. "It won't do anything unless you punch it. And hurt it."

"Oh my goodness. Well, please don't do that." Xisuma chuckled nervously.

"No no no no. I mean, you know ... we had wars and stuff breaking out on the server, right? I mean, that would be a powerful ally up there."

Another nervous breath escaped Xisuma. "You know, of all the things that have happened recently, somehow you've managed to top it. I mean ... haven't you beaten this game enough?!"

We've lost the point. Let's go back. What does the End mean to the player?

The End is vast, void, endless

The End is the goal, a challenge, a prize

The End holds untold riches, potential, experiences

The End brings people together.

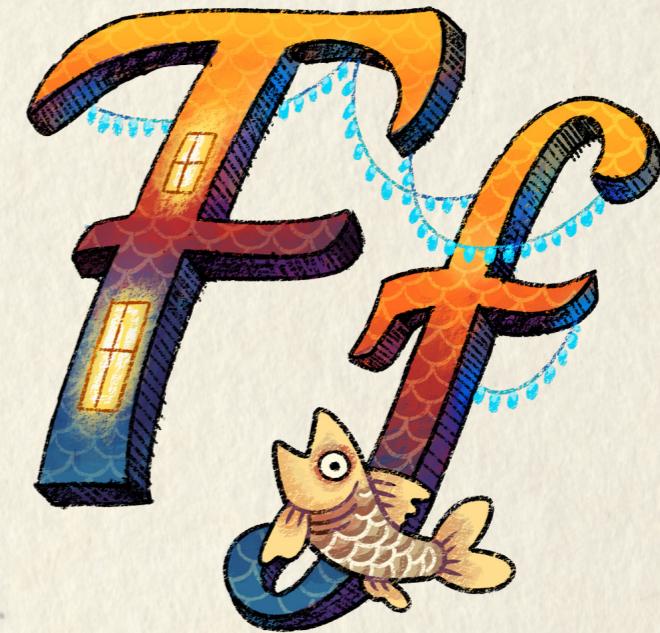
The End is full of memories.

The End can be a lot of things but ...

The End is just the beginning.



To Calocreek, Sam, and Gaea,



is for

Fish Festival



Preparations

False stepped out of the door, the waves lapping gently against the side of the boat, as she stared out at the clearing sky.

The air still held its distinct crispness from the previous night, the sun only now dawning in the distance, and a shiver ran through her as the wind picked up. In the distance she could already hear Ren's excited tones and Iskall's far more exhausted retorts in preparation for the coming day and the upcoming festivity.

She sighed, fondness rippling through her, as she took a sip of her drink. The day was anticipating itself to be a long one.

With a flurry of her blanket-turned-cape she returned back inside, to the comforting warmth of her boat and to the flags that were waiting for her.

Gingerly, she picked them up. She had spent the last couple of days helping Beef with their creation, or rather observing as he worked, weaving and dyeing the cloth. It had been fascinating, despite her being quite useless in the process.

As the morning grew warmer False began her trek towards Magic Mountain. Despite the mountain not being the most central of area, it had been appointed as the location to host the festival, as Gem's lighthouse resounded as a beacon to both humans, human-adjacent, and fish.

She hadn't yet reached the centre of the Neighbourhood when she was swept up by Ren and Stress, iskall having long since departed.

Ren soon had to leap away too, claiming to have heard Keralis calling for him, and leaving the two of them alone on the dusty road, the post office already looming in the distance.

Slowly, they followed the dirt path that horses had patiently beaten for them, winding towards Pearl's sprawling base. In the distance they could see the many gears of Tango's build moving undeterred, the copper gears glinting in the morning light.

Dirt shifting under a heavy weight made them turn towards the entrance of the post office, where Etho emerged holding a wooden cart brimming with shulker boxes. Undoubtedly filled with free glass, if the glint in his eyes was anything to go by.

Now in three, they followed the winding path towards Gem's sprawling village.

As they reached the base of the lighthouse they found Gem, shouting at Grian across the river to stop the fishing competition before it got out of hand. She turned and, with surprising kindness, in stark contrast to what she had just been saying, she directed Etho towards the other side of the riverbank, where Impulse was busy gathering froglights. She then turned to False and Stress instructing them on the placement of the flags around the village.

Etho crossed the bridge just as Stress began fluttering on her fairy wings to reach the electric pole, flags in hand.

He made his way towards Skizz's growing pyramid, where Impulse had stationed colourful frogs before him. And, in between them jumping away and being retrieved by Skizz, Impulse would shake the froglights out of them.

The lights scattered on the ground, forcing Joel, who looked more aggrieved and disgusted as time went on, to collect them and hand them to Etho.

In any normal base of the server, there wouldn't have been the need for so many lights. And, yet, it had just turned midday when the fog began rising, as if the eerie song of the lighthouse sang to them.

It began with tendrils, reaching from the river, and soon the hermits found themselves beating the darkness away with carefully placed lanterns. Cold seemed to seep through the cracks between the buildings, and yet no one seemed to notice.

The village was bustling with movement and chatter.

The fish that had been caught were cooked, the flags fluttered above them as they met together to eat, laughter rising from the dense fog.

As fireworks exploded in the evening night, the hermits held each other closer.

FIND THE HERMITS!

Everyone is enjoying the festival,
can you spot every hermit here?



To Otse, Tibby, and
Nine_of_Diamonds,



is for
Game, Glow,
and G-Team





G is for G-Team

The G-Team meeting room is awash in pale starlight as the evening stretches on. Stress leans her chin into her palm, her free hand tracing the rim of a cake crumb-covered platter idly. To her left, Jevin chuckles as he stirs his tea, nodding quietly at something Cleo's saying that Stress isn't paying attention to, her attention caught on her other seatmate. Iskall gestures broadly as he doubles down on a joke plan.

"I'm telling you, it's a great idea," he insists, though the teasing grin twitching at the corner of his mouth speaks volumes about his true thoughts.

Stress rolls her eyes good-naturedly, cool quartz pressing against shins as she shifts in her seat to face him. "Just like you thought having growing giant alliums around the base would help block missiles?" she asks, drawing snickers from the others.

Joe chuckles, "Y'know, given that we don't have *any* defenses against their TNT cannons right now, the alliums might actually be appreciated."

"I—" Stress shakes her head, "I'm not growing alliums just so they can get blown up," she huffs, reaching to grab another cookie from one of the platters in front of her. This late into the evening, they're out of practically every other food—though she does still have a bit of tea left in her cup. The meeting probably would've already ended if they had only intended this to be a short and serious debriefing session before capture the flag kicked off in earnest.

No one walked into this meeting expecting it to be a normal war

planning one, of course; this civil war might have the Hermits split into teams, but they all still agree the goal here is to have a good time.

Grian shrugs. "Well, ideally, nothing in our base will be getting blown up at all."

"No, ideally, we'll be blowing Team STAR up, not the other way around," says Cleo.

Tango shrugs. "She's got a point."

Iskall snaps his fingers. "And this is why my idea is great—" He's interrupted by a splashing sound from the far end of the room as a disheveled-looking Mumbo stumbles out of the water elevator.

"Sorry I'm a bit late—it took a while to re-find the entrance," Mumbo says, sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck. "Hope I didn't miss much."

"I know the door's hard to find but really, Mumbo?" Grian cocks an eyebrow at him, stifling a laugh, "You missed the whole meeting. I told you to be here about two hours ago."

Mumbo furrows his brow. "Wait—but I thought it started at—" he pulls out his communicator, blanching as he stares at the screen. "Oh. Well then," he says, clearing his throat, "what did I miss?" Grian shakes his head, a fond glint in his eyes as he tutts in mock disappointment.

"Well, for starters, I finished the pufferfish traps I asked you about the other day," he says, ticking each listed topic off on his

fingers. “Cleo’s expanded the Ginger Army, same with Stress and her wolves, Tango checked on the zombies and they’re good to go, Jevin’s prepped the emergency gear and some trench traps, Iskall—”

“I’ve got a great new plan,” Iskall interjects with a grin. Stress feigns disappointment, even as a small giggle forces its way out of her throat.

Mumbo makes an interested noise as the rest of the team stifles their laughs, Tango chuckling, “It’s an excellent plan, ten outta ten.”

“That’s one way to put it, I guess,” says Jevin. Cleo snorts into her cup as she drinks the last of her tea.

“Uh huh,” Mumbo replies, narrowing his eyes slightly but saying nothing more as Iskall leans forward, performatively adjusting the collar of his uniform. He’s the only one wearing any sort of soldier outfit tonight—but this time, him being the oddly dressed one is firmly a personal choice since they didn’t conspire to trick him again.

“It—” he coughs on a laugh before continuing, “It’s brilliant—we know Team STAR’s strategy involves lots of fire, right? And what stops fire?”

Mumbo stares at him. “...This feels like a trick question.”

“Water, Bumbo, water,” he says. “And that is why I propose we create a giant wall of water around the base to protect it!”

“That does happen to fit with what they were saying about the base looking like a water filter,” Joe points out with a laugh.

“Exactly!” Iskall exclaims. “It’s genius!” Stress shakes her head.

“Oh—here we go again,” Jevin chuckles.

She huffs, “At least with the allium plan, they couldn’t just walk through ‘em! They could just swim through a water wall—”

“I said it’d be fireproof, not swimming proof—”

“Now, now, let’s save our fighting for the battlefield,” Grian cuts in. “We’ve got plenty of that ahead of us tomorrow.” Iskall sighs dramatically, drawing a giggle out of Stress.

She sticks out her hand for him to shake. “Truce?” He makes a show of humming in thought, making her roll her eyes before he finally accepts with a laugh.

“See, this is why we’re gonna win tomorrow,” Grian says, slipping into a leaderly tone as he no doubt prepares to give a little speech about team spirit and using it in the looming battle tomorrow. “We’ve got something special—”

“Stress and I are very special,” Iskall interjects with a nod. Grian snorts at the interruption, shaking his head lightly as laughter bubbles out across the table.

It’s moments like these that they feel most like a team, she thinks, all eight of them bound by an easy camaraderie and a desire to, above all else, have fun.

At the end of the day, this isn’t a war story. They’re not soldiers or trap masters, nor bitter enemies or unwilling recruits; they’re a group of friends.

And so, amid the laughter, Stress leans forward and replies, “Now that I can get on board with.”

To Ghost, Oliver, and Altarikos,



is for

Horse, Hotguy,
and Haiku



H IS FOR
HORSES

HOTGUY-MAG

Hotguy talks about his adventure becoming a beloved hero as well as talking about the inspiration behind his many fashionable outfit choices.

Inside also contains a special interview with the one and only cubfan135, spilling the hottest secrets - Information on cuteguy revealed???

AVAILABLE FOR A
LIMITED TIME ONLY
**SPECIAL INTERVIEW WITH
CUBFAN135 INSIDE**



WHAT IS
THE
SECRET
BEHIND THE
HERO'S
GOOD
LOOKS

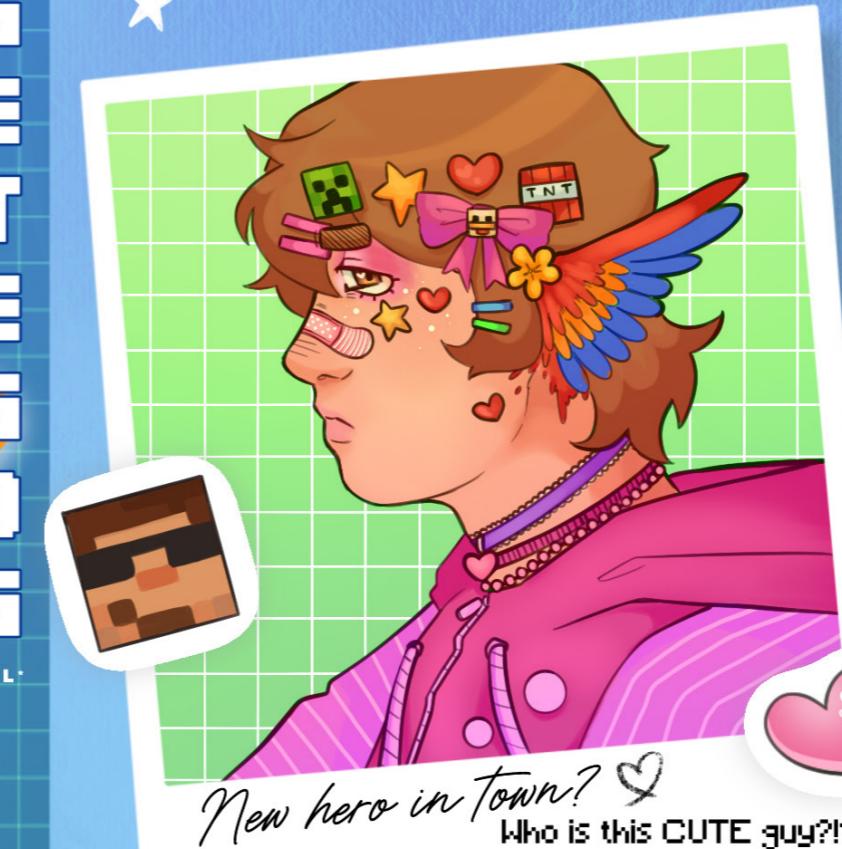
ALL PURCHASES ARE FINAL



NOW ONLY
\$5!!!



You can take him hot-to-go



New hero in town? Who is this CUTE guy?!?

Can hotguy really defeat ALL opponents in one hit?
Have you ever wondered what shampoo he uses?
What his favourite brand of perfume is?
Many questions answered in this magazine!

You may have noticed that this part of the zine was midroll ad free*! In lieu of that, enjoy a series of haikus of my own devising about the letter H!

H is for...

Horses or wings, choose
Rest in peace "Mi Amore"
We won't forget you.

Be sure to say hi
Or by HotGuy's bow you'll die
He has decent aim.

Hermits help hermits
No one wants to do their chores
Maybe killing helps?

HotGuy protects us?
Or he just plays volleyball
That's what the king thought.

Top silly horse names
Jason Pendergast, Rowboat
Shingles and Gluestick

A horse course of course.
Of course! A horse on the course.
We're all going hoarse.

Want to place sand or
Dig out a big mountainside?
Join HHH now.

Helping on Mondays
We'll try not to cause trouble
But we can't promise.

"OMG hi" and
Silly things Ren says when live
Cub will clip them all

Hermits moving in
To bases they didn't build.
My storage now, dude.

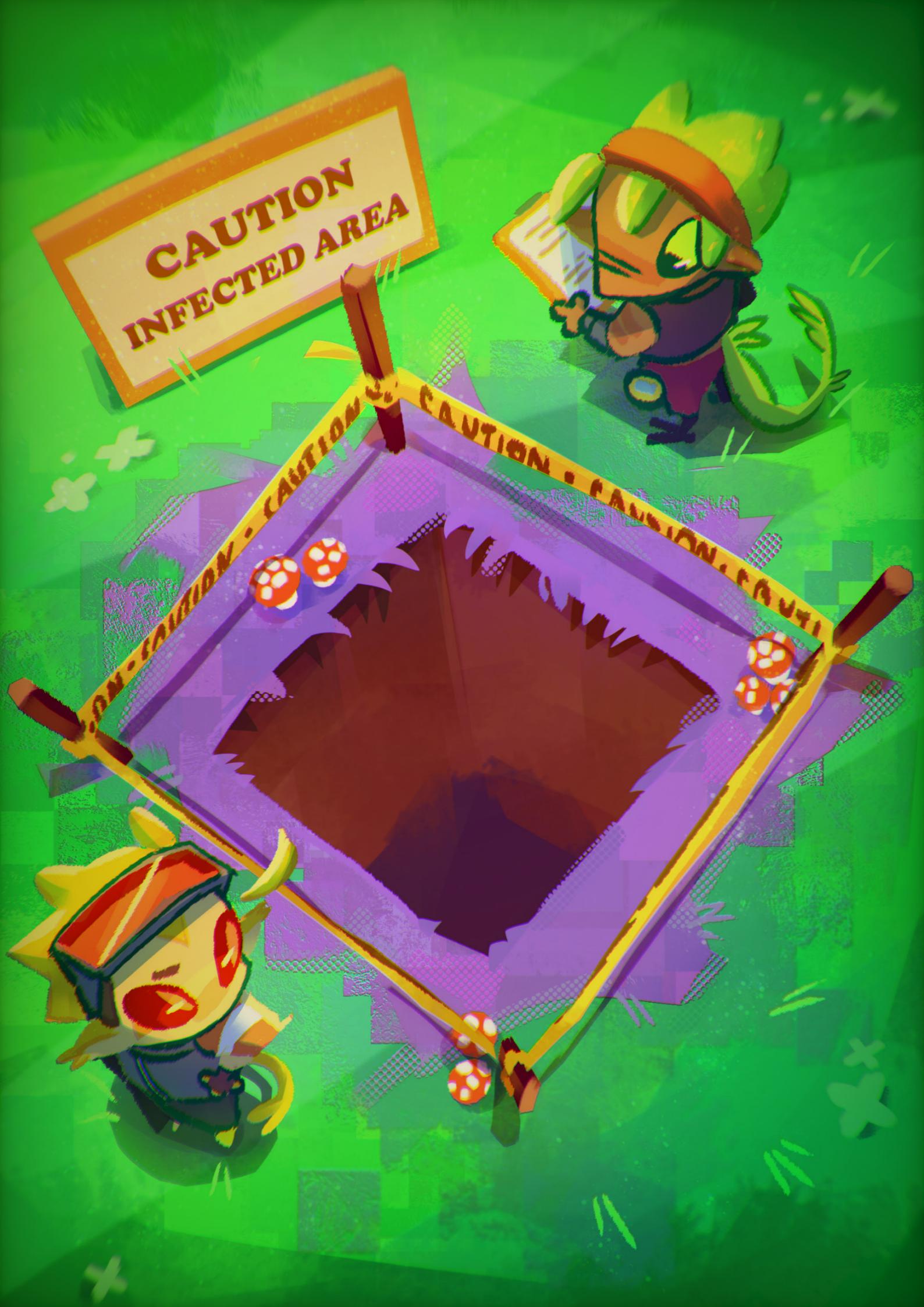
Season 8, moon big
Was it a simulation?
We will never know.

To Brick, Setacin, and Lotus,



is for
Infection and **Ice**







A Night at the Blue River Raceway

There's an icy chill to the air as the hermits make their way out of the lodge and into the vast tundra beyond. High above them, the moon shines bright, surrounded by millions of glittering stars. It's quiet, peaceful - after such a long, exciting day of racing, the space between them filled with laughter and friendly competition, it was nice now to just relax, breathe in the fresh air, and maybe have a little fun.

A frozen lake lies just beyond the Blue River Raceway, repurposed into a makeshift rink, so now that the Grand Prix is over, the hermits head out there to celebrate. Snow crunches beneath their feet, leaving several tracks side by side leading out from the lodge, and somehow that chaos is more beautiful than the freshly settled sheet of sparkling snow, everyone making their mark on this world and doing it *together*.

It's been a long Season, and a long day, and now it's beginning to come to a close. They've made their mark, the world has changed *so much* since they'd arrived, and now all that was left was to *enjoy it*, still side by side.

The hermits stop by the side of the lake and change out their shoes for skates, then one by one make their way out across the ice. Laughter once again fills the air as they slip and slide all over the place, not quite as gracefully as most

had imagined, but the smiles that spread across each of their faces are more than enough to make up for it.

Lanterns situated around the edge of the makeshift rink and flickering fairy lights strung up above illuminate the area with a soft, orange glow, almost as cosy as the fireplace burning back in the lodge, though much prettier. As the hermits begin to find their balance (some having a much easier time than others), they also begin to branch off into smaller groups, quiet chatter filtering in as they reminisce about the day's events. Off to the side, Ren throws a disk into a jukebox, and a gentle hum of music rings out across the lake - the party has officially begun.

Joe drags Cleo into the centre of the rink, stopping to grab her other hand and then spinning on the spot. With the sudden movement, she begins to slip, though Joe keeps a steady hold on her as he waits for her to get her balance. Once she begins to get the hang of it, she lets go of one of Joe's hands, lifting it above his head and spinning him around. He grins, and they continue to dance, careful to make sure the other doesn't fall but not caring at all what anyone around them thinks - and why would they, with the greatest friends all around them?

Zooming around perhaps a little too fast, Cub chases Iskall around the rink in an impromptu game of tag, skidding to

a stop every few seconds to change directions (and almost slipping over once or twice, but for the most part keeping his balance) though staying hot on his trail. As they pass the other hermits at high speeds, a few yell at them to slow down (though giggle to themselves nonetheless) - including Xisuma, who shakes his head with mild disapproval. Iskall slows down by Xisuma, sticking his tongue out - and in turn, allows Cub to catch up with and tag him. Smirking, Iskall proceeds to tag *Xisuma*, and he and Cub zoom away again. Despite him huffing and rolling his eyes at the prospect, he joins their game anyhow.

Impulse silently bops his head to the music, leant up against the side of the rink. He thinks about going out and joining the others having fun, but knows he'll only make a fool of himself - instead, he's content to watch his buddy Zedaph skate up and down the length of the rink, zipping past him every few moments with the biggest smile across his face. After ten or so laps, though, Zed slows down, smirking at Impulse as he approaches. He grabs his friend by the arm and drags him away from the side, and though Impulse playfully protests, he follows Zed without question, skating by his side. Even if Zed *does* have to slow his pace down to let Impulse keep up and Impulse *does* have to stop every few moments and grab onto the side to prevent himself from falling, they still find themselves having the most fun.

The NHO, minus Etho, gather towards the centre of the rink, gliding along the ice in sync. They gently sway in time to the music, humming along - not *quite* in pitch, but it

puts a smile on their faces nonetheless. After a few songs, Bdubs stops, glancing between Doc and Beef, and then over at Etho, standing off with Ren to the side. Immediately, his friends get the idea. They try to beckon Etho over to them, though he at first shakes his head, gesturing for them to carry on. The rest of the NHO exchange another glance, then share a smirk, before Bdubs skates over to Etho and grabs his hand, dragging him out onto the rink. Whilst he tries to pull away, he laughs even so, and joins his friends for the next song anyway, all hand in hand.

Hypno and Jevin slowly make their way around the edge of the rink, chatting quietly amongst themselves and poking fun at one another when the other slips. As Etho returns to his spot by the side once the song is over, Hypno has to reach out to grab Jevin's hand and drag him back to keep him from bumping into Etho - and in doing so, very nearly drags the *both* of them to the ground. Thankfully, Jevin reaches out to grab the side before they both go tumbling, and they quickly regain their balance, brief panicked looks soon replaced by bright smiles.

Despite the golden crown sat atop her head, False, that day's winner, turns out to be far less graceful with a pair of skates than on a boat - whilst besides her, Gem twirls and swirls around effortlessly, lifting a leg up in perfect time to the music, spinning round and round and leaping into the air to finish it off, landing in a stunning pose. She smirks at False, giggling as she watches her struggle to find her footing, and False shoots her a playful glare back.

"Show-off," False mutters, with no bite at all to her words. Gem sticks her tongue out, spins again, then takes False's hand, beginning to guide her through a few moves.

As Etho rejoins Ren at his side, the two proceed to look out across the rink with a huge smile across their faces. Ren hooks an arm over Etho's shoulders, the two sharing a laugh as they notice a distant hermit fall, and then their smiles softening as they watch everyone have *so much* fun, seeing all their friends so happy. As they understand how the Blue River Raceway has brought them all together - it's been a while since so many of them have been in one spot at once, after all. Everyone has come so far, and now here they were, finally able to celebrate all their achievements. Finally able to forget about the world and just live in the moment.

And everyone is smiling.

The night draws on and the air grows colder still and, one by one, the hermit's retreat to the sides, until all of them are tired out. Tugging their coats tighter around them, they make their way back to the lodge. Snow begins to fall around them, swirling like magic in the air, erasing the tracks behind them with a new soft blanket.

As soon as they enter the lodge again, they are thankful for the warmth - especially as Ren goes to light the fire, which they soon gather around. As they get settled in, a few cuddling up to one another whilst others are happy to sit alone and decompress, Etho comes around with some

piping hot cups of cocoa, which those who haven't already drifted off happily accept. The chatter is much quieter compared to the rest of the evening, but just as lovely, a sense of calm and comfort in the air.

The fire is warm, and as are their hearts, beating in sync as they all sit together *exactly* where they belong - just like *family*.

The day has been perfect, and now it's time for a just as lovely night.

To Kip, Forest, and Cydanite,



is for
Jellie



is for
Jellie



Scar hummed quietly to himself as he worked around the Swaggon. Fireworks exploded above him and he looked up just long enough to wave at Grian who was flying overhead towards his own base. He felt a familiar weight suddenly appear on his shoulder, and he quickly readjusted his balance to accommodate it, reaching a hand up to scratch Jellie's chin as she settled on her perch.

She purred, carefully turning on his shoulder as he opened a chest until she was comfortable. The collar of his jacket gave her a little extra support as she curled around his neck, her whiskers tickling his neck as he moved to continue his plans for the day.

He spoke to her as he worked, asking her opinion on his block choices or the shape of the frame he was building, being met with the occasional meow. He considered it seriously for a moment, nodding along as if taking her suggestion seriously before continuing on. Scar enjoyed days like this, where he was working on the ground and she could join him, whether on his shoulders or curled up in a little patch of sun nearby.

👉 He was over chatting with Cub when his comm pinged and he excused himself as he pulled it from his pocket. He laughed the second he turned it on, finding a picture of Jellie curled up in Impulse's bed, a slightly annoyed looking Impulse in the corner of the picture. He showed it to Cub, who simply laughed, having been the victim to Jellie's wanderings a few seasons ago, and the two returned to their conversation.

About an hour later his comm pinged again, this time from Pearl, though another photo of Jellie, taken top down showing where she was curled up on Pearl's lap, clearly fast asleep. The message accompanying it read 'Was trying to work on the paths but she seems to have other plans for my day.'

Scar grinned, asking if she needed a rescue and receiving confirmation from Pearl that she was perfectly fine before going back to working on the project with Cub. As well as he and Pearl had gotten on since she joined, she jumped a mile up in his books because Jellie trusted her, especially since she'd been deemed a nap-able person by his fluffy companion.

☀️ The sun was just beginning to dip under the horizon as he made his way towards the center of Boatem. Grian had called them all for a meeting that morning and, though he didn't know what for, he knew there was usually a fair amount of chaos when his friend was involved.

He reached the edge of the hole, about to fly down when he heard a faint meow behind him. Scar turned, finding Jellie standing in the grass. She paused to stretch now that she had gotten his attention, then sat back and looked up at him expectantly.

"Oh how could I forget!" Scar said aloud, though it was just him and Jellie as far as he could see. "I can hardly attend a Boatem meeting without the most important member!"

He scooped her up, hugging her close to his chest as he carefully stepped over the edge of the hole, using his elytra to gently glide them down until they reached the meeting room.

The others were already there when he arrived and he claimed a spot next to Mumbo as they waited for Grian to begin. Jellie settled on his lap and Mumbo reached over absentmindedly to run a hand along her back, drawing a purr from her as Grian drew their attention to him and the meeting began.

☀️ The world shook at their feet, the five of them hurriedly grabbing their important things and tucking them into shulkers. Scar grabbed Jellie from her spot on one of his chests, ignoring her indignant chirp as he turned to fly back to the others.

He reached the edge of the rocket Mumbo had built, Pearl there and ready to help catch him as he landed since his hands were full. Jellie jumped to the floor once it was safe, immediately finding a spot among the stacks of supplies they'd packed into one of the corners.

Mumbo turned around from where he'd been staring at the control board, moving to Jellie as Scar watched and plunking a miniature version of their space helmets on her head. She stared up at him, but didn't otherwise stop him or try to take it off. And then Scar was distracted as the last of their crew arrived.

At the last second, Jellie jumped onto his

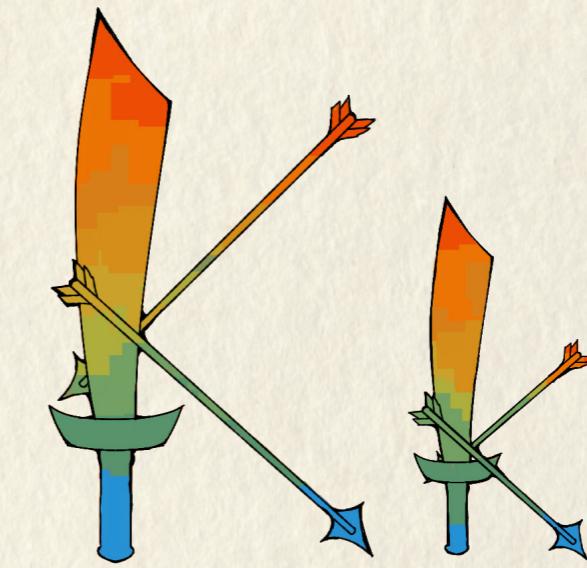
shoulder, her little helmet knocking against his own as she clung to him. They dropped, rocketing down into the void until there was a sudden feeling of weightlessness. Scar looked around at his friends, who were laughing, staring up at the hole they'd fallen through, then he looked at his cat.

**"See you in the next one,
Jellie! More adventures
await us."**





To Fred, Cedar, and Cal,



is for
**Kerfuffle, Karma,
and Kinship**



HotGuy soars through blocky skies
Towards a dwarven mine hidden in a cliff side

He sees an alien down below,
He takes his shot and Pearl explodes!

HotGuy surveys the shopping district
And he sees something he can not resist
Swooping in (he doesn't need to stop)
He aims and the cleaning lady goes pop!



He picks on Pearl again once more
Slaying her by the BDubs headstore
Now what Scar didn't know
Is that it's very easy to take the HotGuy bow.

Pearl strikes him down with a swinging sword
and takes the HotGuy bow from his hoard
From proud hunter to terrified prey
Scar chose the wrong Aussie to slay



To Moon, Klaiis, and Kait,



is for
Legend and Lag



L is for Lag

Mumbo had been wandering around outside Treeza for a while now. He could have sworn he'd flown back over here on a mission, but now that he'd arrived? He had no idea what he was doing there.

He had been standing in the shade of his campervan, running through a mental checklist of everything that was around his starter base that he could have come here for, when he heard the tell-tale creak of chest hinges.

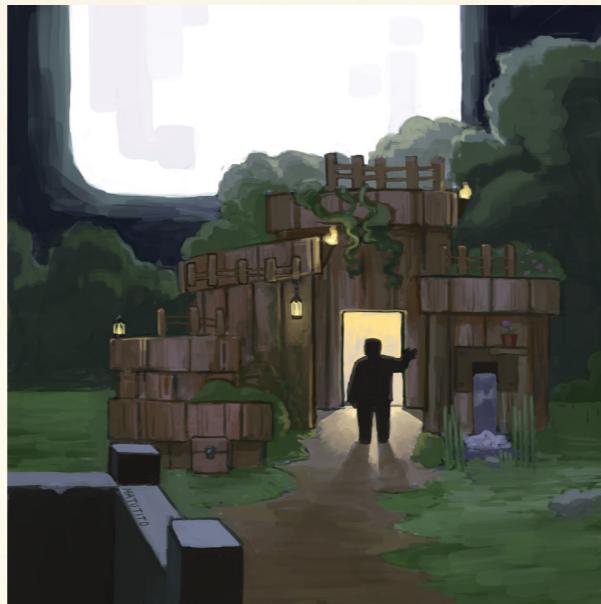
He jolted, eyes darting toward Harmless Harvests. Was he making a sale? How awkward would it be for someone to shop when the owner was right outside?

Rather than stare at the door of the shop from a distance waiting for a customer to emerge, like a weirdo, Mumbo sidled up alongside the earthen store, definitely not like a weirdo. He wished he'd put windows in, but instead he carefully peeked his head inside the front entrance.

Empty. His chests and barrels were all perfectly closed, with no one who could have opened them in sight.

Mumbo straightened. Was he imagining things? He knew his senses weren't to be totally trusted, given his lack of sleep, but the sound of a chest? That was new.

He was ready to write the whole experience off as sleep deprivation, and get back to forgetting why he was there, when another chest



creaked. Mumbo froze, assuming the pose of a scared woodland creature caught in headlights.

"Where?" he whispered aloud, trying to reassure himself that his hearing was working. This squeaky lid had sounded further away, back toward Treeza and not the shop.

At least he hadn't blatantly missed someone shopping and his eyes weren't tricking him. Yet.

As stealthily but speedily as possible, imagining he looked like he was in a Bond movie and likely looking highly suspicious, Mumbo crossed back to his wooden friend.

There it was! Chests opening and closing, like someone was looking for something.

With no weapon to raise, Mumbo readied a stern talking to and marched into his storage room.

The chest to his left slowly eaked its way closed, whining all the way down, but there was no one in sight.

The sudden firing of a rocket startled Mumbo, who unleashed a flurry of disgruntled sounds and unlicensed martial arts moves. He ran out of Treeza in just enough time to see a tiny red blob flying off.

"Grian!"

A ping on his communicator pulled his eyes from the sky.

Grian: weird lag



Season 8 has left the game.

Season 9 has joined the game.

It took effort to maneuver around Scar's base. The layout itself was pretty straightforward, with perfectly shaped streets, obvious entrances, and manicured paths. No, it was the lag.

Scarland was *intricate*. That was half the charm. Every single minuscule detail was purposefully placed, each slab or fence positioned just so. And don't even get him started on all the things Scar had needed to have custom-built. You couldn't sneeze without hitting a custom model.

All of this added up into a slideshow of an experience, the weight of each step taking half a second longer to solidify compounding into the magnificence of the experience.

Scar embraced it. He wouldn't have it any other way. Who cared if his storage system constantly broke? Who minded the extra time it took to walk through when you could use it soaking in your surroundings?

The intricacies of his base also hid a secret.

He had no idea where any of his stuff was. Ever.

Tidiness was *not* Scar's middle name.

And, with all the movement and sound cues he had added around the park, it was hard to tell when he had any visitors.

As he was scouring a section of his latest chest monster, he thought he heard some extra shulker boxes or two being opened. But when he turned, he was alone with Cleo's armor stand creations.

He returned to his hunt, determined to find some endstone, when a firework launched. That was perfectly normal, and Scar found himself waiting for the crackle of the nighttime spectacular that never came.

"No one better be flying in Scarland!" he called, adjusting his cane to lead him outside.

A tiny speck soared over the street facade, and Scar watched it boost away from Allen's roof.

In true annoyed fashion, Scar shook his fist at the retreating form. "You better run! If I catch anyone breaking the rules of Scarland—"

Ping!

Scar glanced at his communicator.

Brian: nice volcano

Brian: you're low on bamboo though

Scar had nearly typed out a full thank you before the second message set in. "Hey!"

Season 9 has left the game.

Season 10 has joined the game.

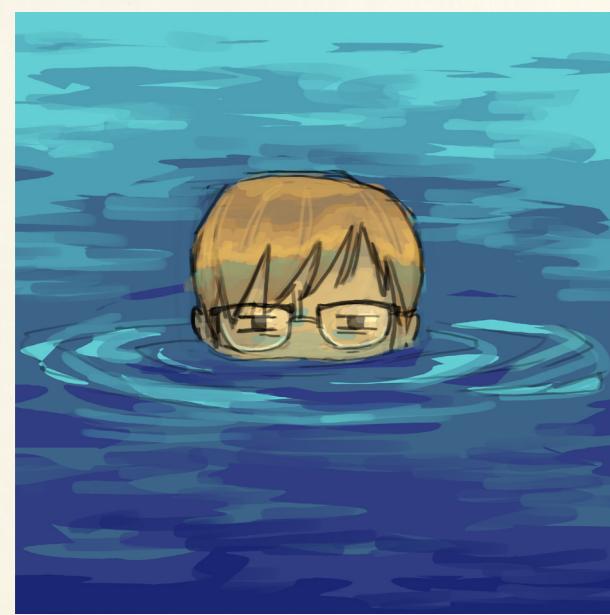


Gem was very used to Hermits hanging around her base. Whether it was in passing or coming with ‘purpose,’ it was rare for her to get through a building project without a visitor. Something about her purposefully unsettling harbor town was apparently catnip to the Hermits.

Was it too much for people to announce their visits? She didn’t mind the company. What she did mind was the feeling of someone watching her, but not being able to find the source. They even had horns now, so was it too much to ask people to play some sort of warning noise if they weren’t clearly landing?

And while she could very well set up a sign and make her PSA a rule for her area, there really only was a single perpetrator, and he was only there for one mission.

It was well known to those who based near a certain pesky bird that things would go missing from chests. Did you distinctly remember gathering exactly five stacks of lilypads? No, the chest would clearly show only four and a half while the scent of gunpowder wafted through the coast.



Gem could very clearly hear the sound of multiple chests being opened and closed, even though the water dampened its effects. She rolled her eyes, pausing mid-build to watch her storage room. She had quite the view from that particular palm tree, but might not be

clearly noticeable from the ground.

Sure enough, a non-aquatic cod-like face poked out of the not-so-secret entrance, looked both ways, and swam off.

She resisted the urge to call out her newest ‘catchphrase’ — an exasperated call of his name. Instead, with a smirk, Gem leaned against a palm frond and started tapping at her wrist.

GeminiTay: Anyone elsefeeling some weird lag? I feel like I'm swimming over here.

Her fish-obsessed neighbor spun around as quickly as one could underwater, looking all around. He poked his head up just enough that his eyes peered over the water. Gem ducked further into her tree, although she trusted her foliage prowess to hide her.

After what he must have thought was a thorough scout, Grian ducked back under, swimming toward his dock.

Trying to withhold a chuckle, Gem swan dove out of her tree, gliding over his head just as he pulled himself out of the river.

“I expect interest on that spruce!” she announced. “I needed that!”

“It was the lag!” Grian yelled back, shaking himself off.

“Then the lag owes me a stack of logs, or the diamonds to purchase them.”

Grian looked ready to protest some more, but Gem, perched on the roof, just raised an eyebrow. “Lag goes two ways, my friend,” she proclaimed cheerily. “Frankly, this is long overdue.”

Grian stuck his tongue out at her. “The lag will pay you back in one to two business days. Once this building is done.”

To Cryrosaur and Mason,



is for

**Mayor, Moopop,
and Mycelium**







To PumpkinJuice, Luigra,
and Slushy,



is for
Neighbour



It's a sunny day out, as it is nearly every day, and the Soup Group are all working on their own respective projects.

Impulse is working on a particularly tricky kink in part of his cave's automated farms. Gem is slowly working on the cherry tree sprouting from her base.

Meanwhile, Pearl is... panicking.

For the past day, Pearl has been eyeing up the weird flowers that have sprouted from the soil.

She'd been embracing the weirdness this season, but now it's getting to her. They're rather gorgeous—multicolored, spiky fronds with very weird flowers that sprout from the leaves. But they're also not what she wants for her base, so they must go.

With a small grumble to herself, she decides she should ask for some help. Her message is sent into the world quickly enough.

<PearlescentMoon> Come one, come all! Need some help with my base, it's freaking me out

<PearlescentMoon> just soup group actually





<Renteddog> Aww :,[

<PearlescentMoon> Sorry mate

<ImpulseSV> B) On the way!

<GeminiTay> what is that

<ImpulseSV> A representation of me!
im smiling with sunglasses on because
im cool! B)

<GeminiTay> please never do that again

Gem and Impulse drop to the ground smoothly, the elytra wings settling on their backs once they land. Pearl walks to them, past the plants. She's pleased that momentarily, she can look away from the wretched sight of them.

"Why hello!" Impulse says, brushing off dirt or something from his shirt.

"Hey there!" Gem smiles.

"Hello, Soup Group. You must be wondering why I've gathered you all here," Pearl gets to it immediately with a grim expression.

"Are we spreading mayhem today? Overthrowing another king?" Gem asks, with a smile on her face, that Pearl knows she's up for either.

"I'm afraid not today. My plants are..." Pearl pauses, because she doesn't know how to



describe it. They're an invasive species that randomly appeared and are shooting off spores that may or may not be harmful? Not the weirdest thing to happen on Hermitcraft by far, but still rather hard to believe.

She goes with just leading them to the plants behind her. "Oh, these are gorgeous Pearl! Where'd you get such beauties?" Impulse gushes. "I want some for my base!" "I don't think it'd work for yours," Pearl says teasingly. She stands next to one and nudges it with her foot. "And besides, you don't want these. I can't seem to get rid of them-!"

The flower she had kicked wheezes, then a puff of what they all hope is pollen shoots out and hits them all in the face. Desperately they all cough, waving the weird pollen away.

Teary eyed, they stare at one another.

Pearl grimaces. "See what I mean?"

Impulse strokes his beard. "How did you even get in this mess in the first place?"

Pearl shrugs. "I dunno, maybe they fell from a rogue alien ship. Who knows. Either way, they're growing out of control! Completely taking over the walkway, in fact! They must be dealt with."

Gem takes out her sword, smiling wildly. "We can do that!"

"Wait, should we be even attacking these things?" Impulse begins, but is cut off.

Gem and Pearl jump to attack, their swords slicing off the heads of two nearby flowers. The swords go through with some resistance, but charging forward with an excited yowl certainly helps.

After the heads fall off, Impulse shrugs and joins them. Pearl and Impulse's swords hack more at more stems, the blades clinking together when it slashes through. They giggle, but continue, and all three of them make quick work of the mess of alien plants.

Pearl falls to the floor dramatically. "Thank goodness that's taken care of!"

Gem and Impulse both agree.

"Absolutely. I see why you hated them so much," Gem says.

"Happy to help!" Impulse grins.

Before Pearl can offer her thanks, the stems of the

beheaded flowers shake. They all jump away, while Pearl crawls backwards.

"What the heck?!" Impulse shouts.

The remains of the alien plants tremble some more.

"Maybe it's just cold?" Gem mumbles.

Then new bulbs sprout. One in where they had been chopped off, and another nearby.

Everyone groans.

"How did that happen?!" Pearl frowns.

Impulse frowns. "It could take over the whole server! How do we stop it?!"

"Maybe... we burn it," Gem grins.

"Ooh, I like your thinking!" Pearl pulls a flint and steel from her enderchest. "Here, Impulse, you do it."

"Why me?!"

Pearl shrugs. Impulse shrugs back, taking it and inching closer to the plants.

"I think I suggested we don't do this." Impulse says cheekily, and a puff of pollen shoots at him. He narrowly avoids it.

"Do it!" Gem urges. She has her own flint and steel, but waits until Impulse hesitantly strikes the steel and flint together to spark it up.

There's an awful smell emitting from it, and Pearl has to pinch her nose. It's like the smell of a dirty

dog that rolled around in mud and a cow pen, but somehow worse.

The fire catches, though, and the plants cower. Impulse steps back to stand next to the other two members of the Soup Group. They all watch for a short while, entranced at the sight.

"Well, I suppose it's now time to clean up," Gem says sadly, putting her sword away in its sheath. They all groan.

"Who votes on going and messing with Impulse's redstone instead?"

"Me!"

"Me too!"

"Hey!"

To Aquinnix, Cyno,
and Yuzuki Makata,



is for
Octagon





O is for Octagon

Entry 1:

I've never done one of these before, so here goes nothing. Weird things are happening, even for my standards, so I thought it would be a good idea to write it all down. You know, just in case something goes wrong. Anyhoozle, let's actually get into it shall we? A couple days ago, Doc found some sort of insane glitched book that made a chunk with EIGHT spawners in it. Don't get me wrong, the thing's awesome, but something about the place gives me the creeps. Doc doesn't seem as weirded out by it, but I guess that makes sense, I mean the dude is literally half robot. That's not the weirdest thing though, the spawners have got some weird bits on the side. I took a photo to pass around so we'll see if anybody knows what's going on. How do you sign off on one of these? See you again if there's more madness I guess.

Entry 2:

More madness has occurred. So basically I gave the picture to a few peeps who gave it to a few other peeps and before I knew it I got a message with a link to some weird file. And I, being the complete technical professional that I am, clicked on it almost immediately and gave Doc a heart attack. (Does it count as a heart attack if he doesn't actually have an organic heart?) But all of the giblets and whatnot

are still in their place so everything's fine. The point is, the file needed a password. So of course I put on my detective hat on and started well, detecting. I mean if the spawner thing happened around here, then there had to be another clue around here too. Long story short, found something etched into my lawn chair and a few pieces of dye and I got the frickin' code! So I opened the fileage and it was a set of coords. I'm going to see if I can get Doc to come with me to check it out.

Entry 3:

I can't be the only one that hears that right? The beepage? Doc thinks I'm insane, maybe his cyber-ear whatevers just aren't working. That's not the point. The point is I'm gonna lose my freakin' mind if I have to listen to this for a minute longer. I've tried plugging my ears, that doesn't help. Maybe I am just going insane, OR it's some more clueage. No clue what it would be for, (See what I did there? Clue? Professional comedian over here) but at this point I don't really care.

Entry 4:

Okay, so I finally convinced Doc that I wasn't insane and we went over to X's place. Then I convinced X that I wasn't

insane and we all went down to where the coords were. One, I would like to formally complain about the fact that it was under the frickin' water! But more importantly, we found something, well a lot of somethings actually. There was another one of those weird books with a bunch of technical bits in it, I'll leave that one for Doc to deal with. But there was also a big cave with moss and amethyst and the whole shabang with a big pond in the middle filled with those adorable little water kitties. Then lava started pouring in and I was sweating in places a man shouldn't be sweating if you know what I mean. So of course we scrambled to save the little cuties, and it turns out they each had a little tag with a letter on it. lMVCCIKB. Maybe that's some sort of weird code Doc knows, I'll have to ask.

Entry 5:

So I looked back at that file and I must have missed something before because there is another spot for a password. Between Doc and Joe who apparently knows a bunch of ciphers because of course he does, they were able to figure out the password is asteroid. So I put that in, and it came up with one of those little astroid games, you know, like those old arcade games? But the score you have to get is frickin' insane. On the plus side, Doc finally agrees that something big is happening. Hopefully we can get a high enough score between the two of us.

Entry 6:

It's been a while since the last entry, sorry about that. So eventually we were able to beat that game which took far longer than I'd like to admit. (Once again, we are very much professionals) The code from that led to another file with a schematic for this nutso spider looking tower thing. I mean it's awesome looking don't get me wrong, but the thing looks intimidating if you know what I mean. So of course Doc wanted to start building it right away and who am I to say no to a man in uniform? (Does a lab coat count as a uniform?) Then blam! The whole sky frickin' opened up and a butt ton of lightning came crashing down onto the thing. Now we've got a blue axolotl (what is with those guys?) and some more coords. There's also this creepy message, "The New my save the Old." That my is probably a mistake but who knows at this point? Anyhoozle, we need to go and investigate.

Entry 7:

Ren is currently asleep and he shoved this book at me to "tell the people what happened." I'm not sure what 'people' he is referring to and I have far better things to be doing right now, but I would hate to disappoint the guy so...

- Went to Gem and Pearl because they are the newbees and the whole "the new may save the old" thing
- Ends up turning into large puzzle room
- Got through that and was left with an address and a date

- Went to said address at said date
- Dug a big hole (We had to use shovels, it was quite disappointing really)
- Went through a portal at the bottom of the hole
- Found another one of those spider like structures
- Built it on top of the octagon

That's about it, I'm not sure what else Ren wants from me so that is going to have to be good enough.

Entry 8:

Nothing much has happened since Doc so kindly filled you guys in. Opened the Octagon, had a funky little lightning show, all in all things have been pretty good. But, and I know this is going to sound insane, I think the moon is getting bigger. A few of the others have noticed it too so I know I'm not crazy. That's not the only thing though, gravity is being weird, like I could have sworn I saw a pile of dirt floating in the sky kind of weird. I've had enough weirdness for a lifetime by now, can't a man catch a break? The big thing, aside from the moon, is the fact that we haven't gotten any more clueage. I don't know whether or not I should be relieved. Let's just hope the moon stays where it is.

Entry 9:

Okay, so the moon did not stay where it was. It's actually sitting right next to me as I write this, well a piece of it is at least. It crashed into the chicken coop a couple hours ago. And it's beeping. I mean it's a rock! It shouldn't be making noises like that! I'm not sure why I'm still sitting next to it, the sound is starting to get to me. But something about it is just so nice and calm, it's like it's calling to me. It needs me. Is it just me or does my shirt seem smaller? I can feel it rubbing against my skin. I need to change.

She must feed

Entry 10:

I just looked back at what I wrote yesterday, I promise I didn't write that last line. Well if I did, I don't remember. I think all the weird moon stuff is starting to go to my head. I did find some more comfortable clothes, some robes at the back of my closet. When did they get there? That doesn't matter anymore. Nothing else matters anymore.

She hungers.

Her wrath is upon us.

Moonatrixocta has spoken.

They must be saved.

This is her.

Her cravings are mine.

His name is Mumbo Jumbo.

Entry 11:

His name is Mumbo Jumbo. His name was Grian. His name is Grian. His name is Grian. His name is Grian. His name was Grian. His name was Grian. His name was Grian. His name was Grian. His name is Cubfan135. His name is Cubfan135. His name is Cubfan135. His name was Cubfan135. His name was Cubfan135. His name was Cubfan135. His name was Cubfan135. His name is Keralis. His name was Keralis. His name was Keralis. His name is Joe Hills. His name was Joe Hills. His name was Joe Hills. His name is ImpulseSV. His name was ImpulseSV. His name was ImpulseSV.

Entry 12:

I don't know how much longer I can hold this pen. Please know I never wanted this. Please know I'm sorry. But I can fix it, we can fix it. Doc's building something that's going to help. I just need to think. Why can't I think? Is this what Scar and Cub felt? Am I no longer in control? I can feel her still, I can feel the blood on my hands. But it's safe. It's going to be safe. We have a way out. The moon is getting closer with every passing second. Even as I write, this book is hovering above my lap. I'm scared. We have a plan and Doc says everything is going to be fine and I believe him but... what if it's not? What happens if this doesn't work and the moon hits? Wish me luck I guess. If this is my last entry, that probably means I got out but if I didn't, just know that just because the world is ending doesn't mean everything is gone.

I just hope the others can make their own way out.

This is Rendog signing off, thank you so very much for reading, hopefully I'll see you later.



To Ro, Mels, and Corvid,



is for
Post, Past, and
Present



ever
missed
forgotten.

really, i still
think about you!

Post from the Past

Uh, hello! This is Kisuma, the... uh, new admin? I just thought I'd start this "time capsule" letter and send it forward in time, so future servermates could see our history preserved in a more physical form. If you see this letter, feel free to add to it whatever you want... and don't forget to send it forward!

@jochills
Axo Xunc
シヨ - カナ

Get all your
news at your
HERMITON
HERALD
(now in season 5)

xB

Biffa's Bakery rules!
Muse Meats drools!

Nobody
touches my bush!
we still won :)
and again
and again

BUSHES!!!!
@@

Redstoners unite!
- Tango
- Impy
- Humbo
- ... does X count?
- Doc
- Etho
• cubfan135
- Iskall!
- Zedaph:p

make for writing me in
I do! -X
DO NOT.-X

You can trust my fellow Logfella!

-RD



HERMIT POST
TO: HUMBO
FROM: G



POSTMASTER

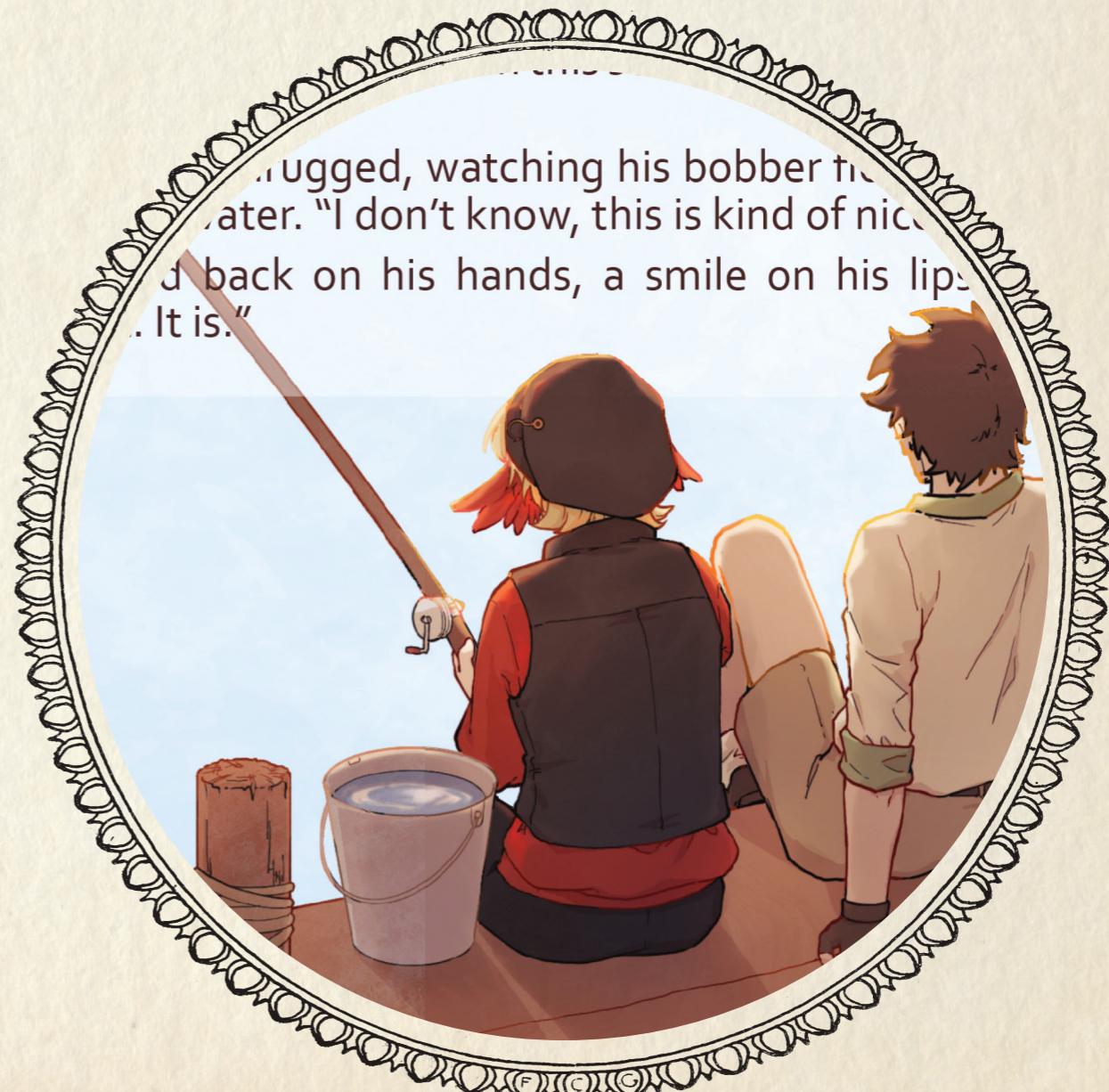
DEPT



To Glad and Yukon_Errr,



is for
**Quiet, Quest, and
Questionable**



Grian had never been a fan of the quiet. It reminded him too much of empty halls, of dark passageways, of the absence of his friends. The silence had never been peaceful to him, instead setting him on edge, his wings ruffling up and his muscles tensing. He had learned over the course of the past several years to fill the absence of sound with as much noise as he could. He lived loudly, he laughed and screamed and cheered and caused chaos, and it shoved the quiet right out of his life, leaving him content.

Or so he thought.

Emerging into Season 10, Grian felt almost...hollow. He was tired. Season 9 had been incredibly long, and he had pushed himself way further than he had ever imagined. Suddenly, chasing away the silence seemed to take more energy, and as he ran around with his friends, he found the noise nearly overwhelming.

He wasn't sure where he came up with the idea of fishing from. Maybe it had been Gem, already designing her starter base, a small ship on the waves. Maybe it was some shred of his past self, whispering about oceans and how he used to love them. How he still loved them, even to this day.

He wasn't sure what to expect when he cast his line out for the first time. Would he be sitting there for minutes? Hours? How long would he be able to endure the quiet? He just had an average fishing rod and a muddy bank to fish off of, and very little prior experience.

And for the first time in a very, very long time, Grian chose to be quiet. There was something serene about it, in a way. It wasn't perfectly silent, it was impossible to achieve that while still being outside. There were small waves lapping up against the banks, and the wind was blowing through the small stalks of wheat that he had planted further up away from the water so that it wouldn't drown. It made a soft rustling sound, very similar to his wings in the wind, and he found himself relaxing despite his earlier concerns.

He missed the first bite he got, which was disappointing, since he'd spent what felt like an hour waiting for it, but to his surprise, he wasn't all that upset over it. He just shook his head and cast out the line again.

"Hey Grian!" Scar waved eagerly at him as he approached from the other side of the mountain, a grin on his face. Grian quickly shushed him, pressing a finger to his lips.

"You'll scare the fish! Quiet!"

Scar blinked a few times in surprise, then sat down on the bank next to him. "Fishing, huh?"

His voice was soft now, and Grian gave him an appreciative smile for his efforts.

"I thought you hated the quiet." He continued. "This is like, the quietest thing you can do on this server, except maybe farming."

"Yeah." Grian shrugged, watching his bobber float across the surface of the water. "I don't know, this is kind of nice."

Scar leaned back on his hands, a smile on his lips. "Yeah, you're right. It is."



Q is for Quest

Today was the day.

Skizz took a deep breath of the dry, blazing hot nether air, letting it fill his lungs as he surveyed the fortress below him. Already, he could see the blackened skeletons walking back and forth across the bridges, stone swords in hand, and he tightened his grip around his own sword reflexively.

Today was the day. He was finally going to get himself a wither skull.

It should be said that he didn't really mind that Impulse had gotten so many. He didn't care about that. He was just happy that they had gotten all the skulls they needed. But there was something to be said about luck and chance and the fact that every single skeleton he killed disintegrated into dust and left nothing valuable behind.

Skizz didn't believe in luck. He didn't. There was only chance. The fact that he consistently fell to terrible odds was...strange, yes, but that was what he was here for today. He was going to prove to everyone—but mostly himself—that he could get a wither skull. That he wasn't completely unlucky. It was a noble quest to clear his name and prove his ability.

This was a different fortress than the one he had gone to with Impulse the other day. It probably wouldn't make a difference, but Skizz was desperate enough to try anything. Maybe the skeletons here would be more hardy and the skulls would actually stay intact when he tried to harvest them. That was what he told himself as he slid down the ledge and scrambled onto the bricks of the fortress, his golden boots protecting him from the burning hot floor.

His first step was throwing up dirt around one of the towers, preventing the impossibly tall skeletons from reaching him. He would be able to take them out with his sword just fine, while they were unable to retaliate. It felt a little bit unfair to him, but Impulse had already told him that they didn't have brains anymore for sentience, and once he had gotten hit with withering once, he never wanted to try it again.

"Alright baby, wither skull time!" Skizz declared, spinning his sword around in his hand once before slashing out at the first skeleton waiting for him. It dissolved into dust after just one swing, dropping coal dust in its wake. There were a few broken shards of bone lying in the mound, but definitely no skull.

The next one then.

No skull.

The next one?

Nothing.

Okay, this time for sure.

Nope.

Skizz hacked and slashed and stabbed, killing skeleton after skeleton. His arms ached from the effort, and he was covered from head to toe in coal dust, but he refused to give up. He was going to get that skull. He was going to do it.

"Come on, is that all you got!?" He shouted at the few skeletons clattering towards him. "Hit me! Let's go!"

The skeleton closest to him roared out a dry, raspy challenge, and Skizz decided to do a very dumb thing. He ducked underneath the dirt, leaving its safety behind, and charged it. He knocked its sword out of its hand easily, then stabbed it straight through the ribcage. It hissed as it dissolved, leaving behind nothing but more dust. Skizz turned on his heel and raced to the next one, destroying it just as quickly as the first. Still nothing. He wasn't done.

Hours seemed to pass as he carved through the fortress, moving back and forth through the bridges and towers as he took out every single skeleton that crossed his path. His diamond sword, which had once been gleaming with enchantments, was covered in a thick layer of coal, dulling its shine. His hair was no doubt coated with it, his clothes were probably

permanently stained, and his skin itched from the particles. But he pushed it all to the side each and every time he saw another skeleton.

He turned around a corner to find three skeletons waiting for him. They lifted their swords to attack him, but he was faster and angrier and he took them on one by one, slicing and stabbing until they were all gone. He let out a long sigh, leaning on his sword as he allowed himself a small break.

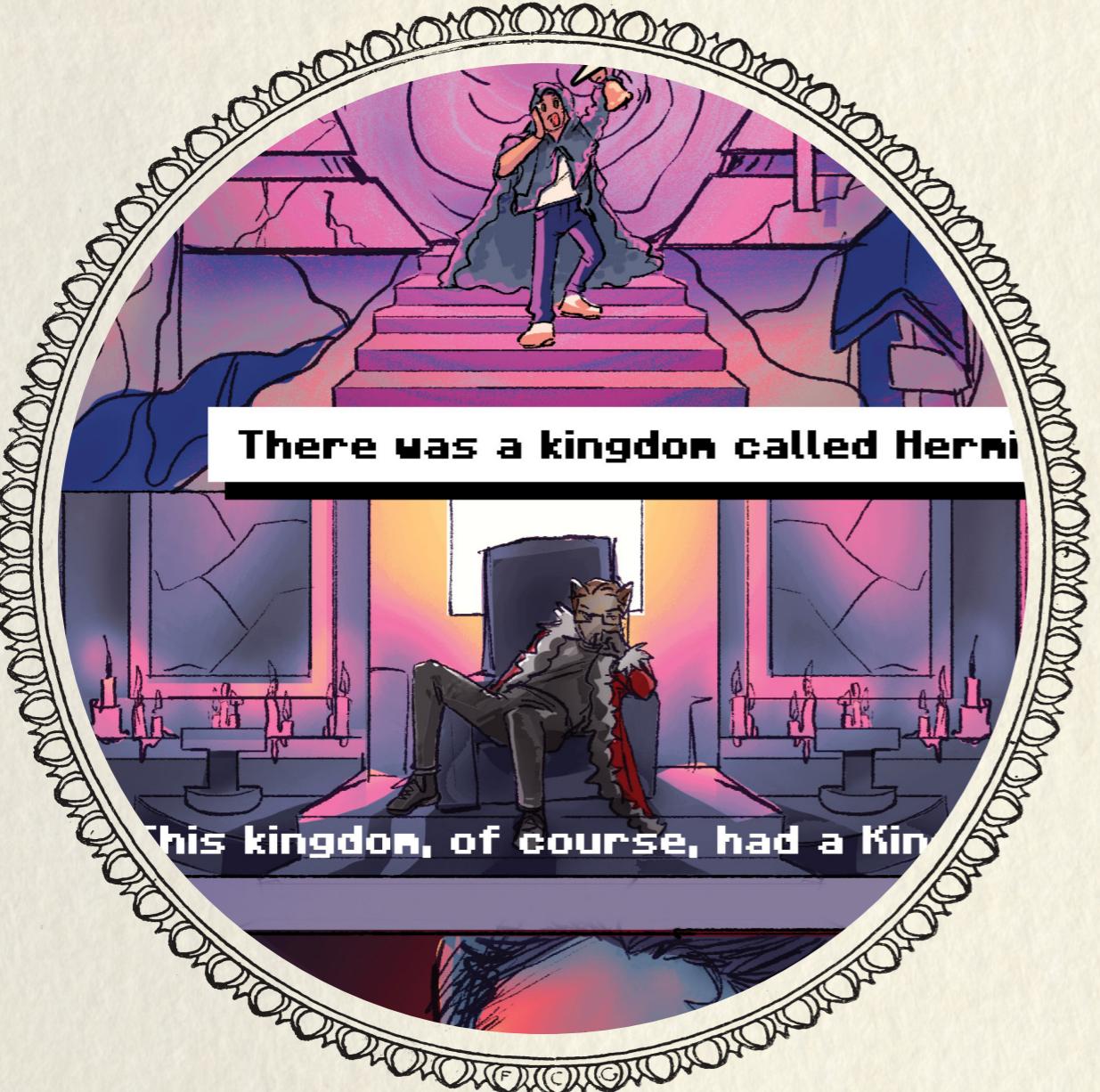
As he did so, he happened to look at the ground at the layer of bone shards and dust to see a dirty, coal black lump. Except it wasn't coal. Skizz had seen enough coal that day to recognize it immediately. This was larger than coal. Barely daring to breathe, Skizz bent down and grabbed the lump, lifting it up to his face.

A pair of empty eye sockets stared back at him.

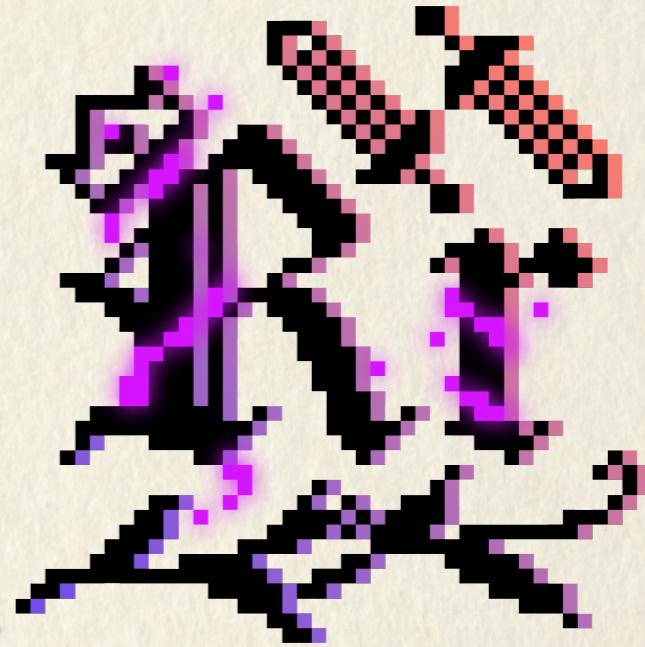
"I did it." Skizz whispered, a slow grin spreading across his face as he held the skull up. "I did it! I got it! I got the skull! WOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

He let out a shaky laugh, placing the skull very carefully into his inventory before tugging his sword out of the bricks of the fortress. "Quest complete! Now all I have to do now is get back home."





To Lemon, Py, and Benjamyn,



is for

Resistance and Rift

Once upon a time, in a faraway land...



There was a kingdom called Hermitcraft.



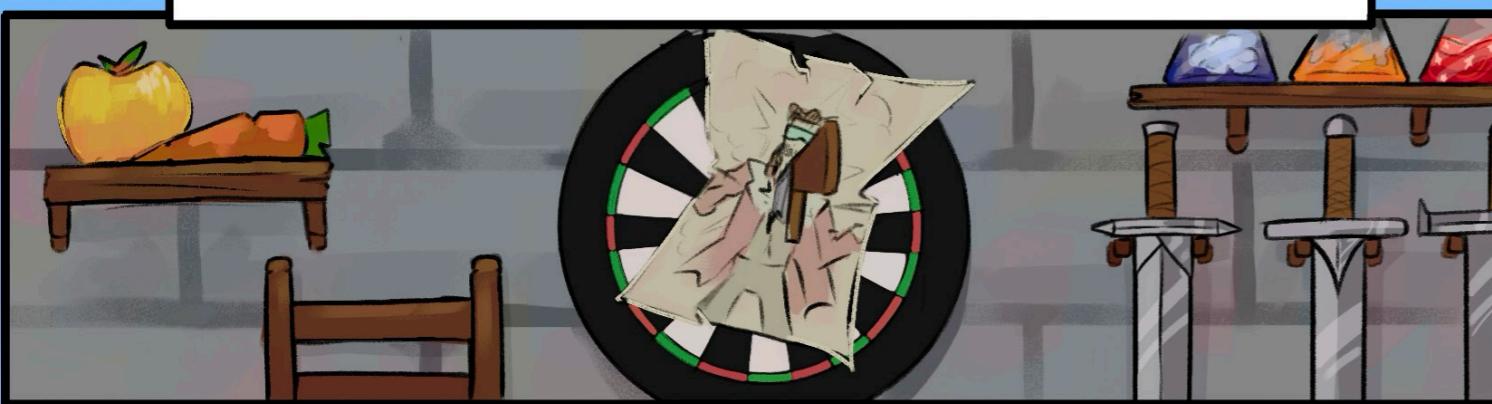
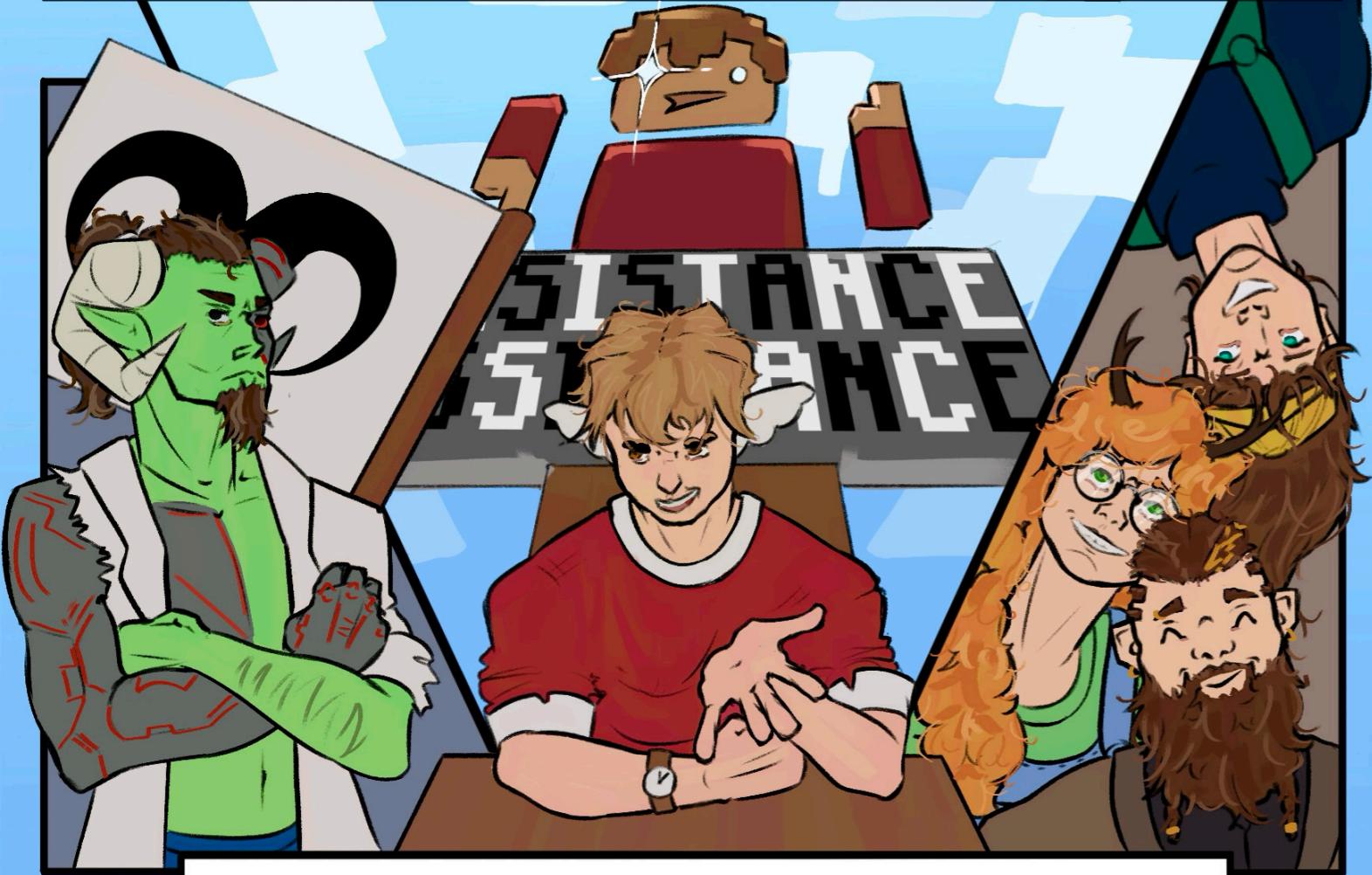
This was a king elected purely on
public vote, beloved in the eyes of his
people!



...None of that terrible "Ruling with an Iron Fist" nonsense



Hell, okay.



Kingslayers, these days, always looking for a king to slay.

Nobody betrays him until he puts a *bounty* on his own head,

and that **ALWAYS** gets people going.

You know what it's like.

They celebrate,



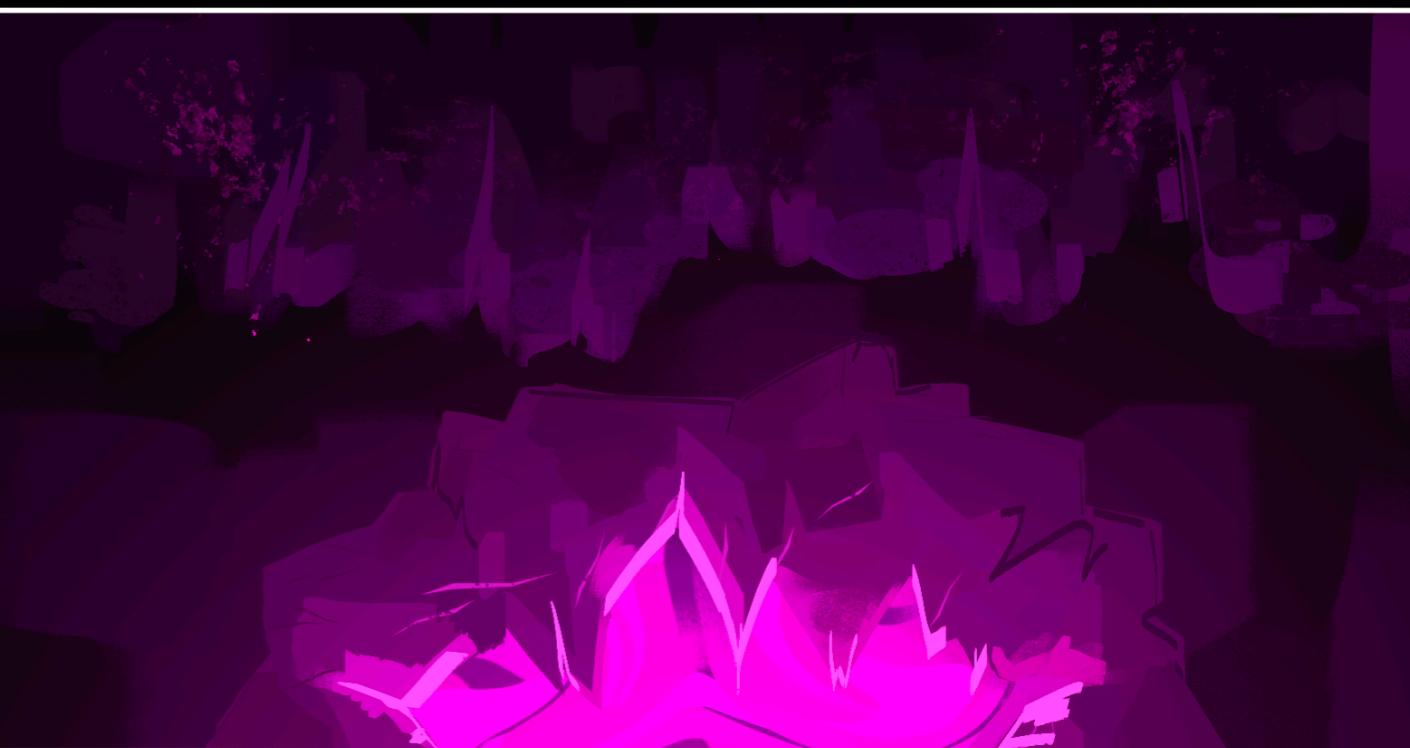
as is their right!



**The king quietly celebrates his loss, since he
has long lost whatever delight he found in ruling.**



**but something has taken your place in your
absence**





SOMETHING THAT WANTS YOU TO

COME
HOME



[click]

[click]

I see the player you mean.



Yes. Take care. It has reached a- oh. Well, that's not good.

No. It does not seek the overworld. It is reading the wrong script.

You're not supposed to be here, buddy. You should go home. We can't let you pass— you know that.

It is not supposed to be here. It is reading the wrong—

Tell me the story.

...

...

If you'll have us.

[click]

I see the player you mean.

Grian.

Poet. Soldier. Spy.

It is different. It looks differently at us. It has reached a higher level, now, though it does not know that.

It wants us to tell the story, though it does not know why it has asked for one. There is no story to tell that it does not already know.

That's half of the fun.

Once upon a time there was a player.

The player was you. The player is you.

The player was good at many things— at lying and swindling and at starting things it couldn't quite figure out how to end. It was also good at having friends and creating joy and at carrying whole worlds at its fingertips, but that comes later.

The player knew that there was something more. There is, of course, always something more, but the player would, for once, notice.

[click]

It would take a while for the player to realize that the space between it and the next person was a thinly veiled tear in the  that could be, gently and cautiously, approached.

The player built a monument to a long-missing friend to disguise the space between worlds. It cloaked its plan to leave with machinery and blue glass and a hole in the wall that should not have been quite big enough to fit its escape.

The hole in the  does not lead anywhere.

Until it does.

Until you have watched it long enough.

Until you have found your way through the cool sea breeze and the ebbing tides that pull your world into elsewhere. Until you have crafted yourself a map through the end of the world, stepping into the darkness with a plan of action and a line of thread to follow through the maze.

It tells its friends when it is too late for them to refuse.

They wouldn't have refused anyway, but now they don't get the choice. They follow you into the rift, one step behind.

You are, as always, the mastermind behind it all. You are, as always, the person who steps first out into the sun on the other end.

Wake up.

The player is lost.

 [click]
[click]
[click]

It is trying to go home. I cannot deny it that right. Trying is, of course, the key word, but it really is doing its best.

The player steps through into the dark. It does not like the world where there is no summer, and it shivers under a black sun, but there is nowhere to go but forward.

It is looking for its friends.

The others have already come and gone. This is a story that has long grown stale. Forward, yes— a step into the dark, a hand on its sweaty skin, someone else at its back waiting to take the plunge too.

The player is scared. Well, it has every right to be. There is—

You're being mean. You should tell the story properly.

Aye— you scared me. Don't do that.

Sorry, sorry. But really, you are telling it wrong. The others aren't listening, anymore. You're only talking to him.

You tell it, then.

Once upon a time, there was a player.

The player was you, RenDog. The player was all of you, all over again, a hundred iterations, all holding each other's hands.

[click]

Sometimes it played at being king, out in the fields just beyond where the others would think to check. Mostly, it was happy, content to put down roots and build factories and talk about joy in ways that would make others sit up and listen. Always it was loud and full of good ideas and all sorts of other nice things.

It grew bored, but this was not a terrible thing. There is always more to do. It grew bored and wanted to try ruling, so it ruled, and there was nothing as fun as messing around with its friends. Oh, sure, the mountains of diamonds and the control over everyone it has ever known were alluring, but the fall from grace was much more fun.

But it gets lost along the way. Something goes missing. There is time and space between dropping the crown and waking back up again. The player misses a few seconds, blinks and wakes up the next day, and everyone is gone.

The player steps through the end of the world alone.

Oh, tell the story right. The end of the world comes later, afterwards. This is just the start— a new beginning.

The player begins again. The last is through, stepping into the darkness, swaddled in red fur and glittering without light. It is lost, for a moment, until it sees sunlight and the end of the world.

The end of the world comes later— one step further. For now it is looking into sunlight, waiting.

There are people in the clearing, even though it arrives late. There are those it recognizes, and those that it does not, but they are friends. These are friends.

It is running late but they wait for it anyway. Nobody mentions the crown left behind.

RenDog. You are supposed to take the step forward.

Give me a minute.

Take a breath, now. Take another. Feel air in your lungs. Let your limbs return. Yes, move your fingers. Have a body again, under gravity, in air. There you are.

Give me a minute.

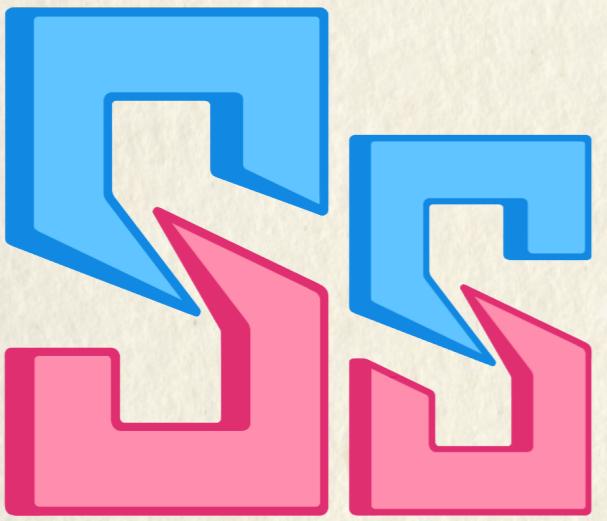
You are the player. The story. The program. The human. Made from nothing but milk and love.

You. You. You are alive. You know what you are supposed to do.

Give me a minute.

Wake up.

To Wendy, Toby, and Star,

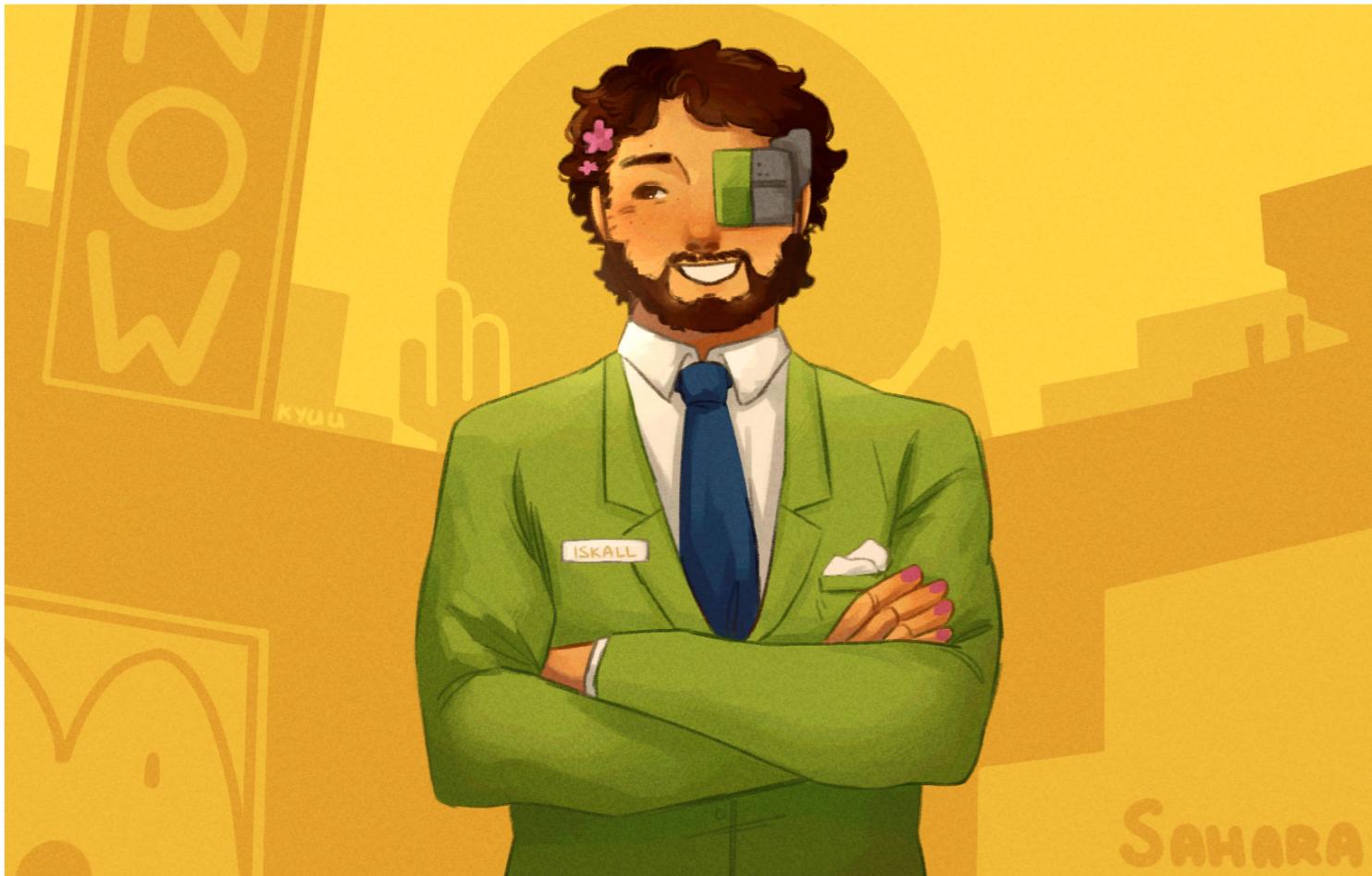
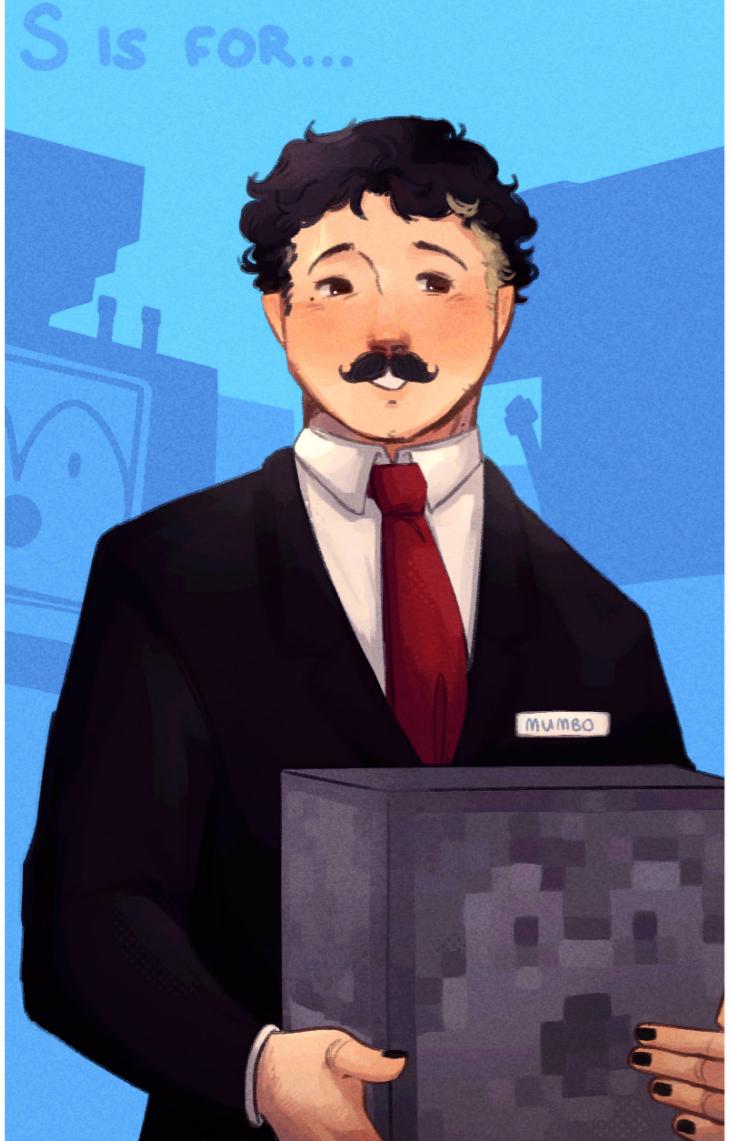


is for
**Snail, Sahara,
and Scarland**





S IS FOR...



* S is for Scarland *

Dusk was always Scar's favourite part of any day. Although the busy bustle of a mid-afternoon or the energetic excitement of a new morning were both special in their own ways, there was something truly magical about watching the sun slowly set over the streets of Scarland. The last guests would leave, the ever-moving trolleys would slow to a halt, shops would close and stalls would be packed up for the night.

There was a bitter-sweetness to seeing the once-lively and vibrant park close down each evening, but there was also a certain serenity to it. There were no more crowds, no more screams coming from the roller-coasters or blaring music from the parades on Main Street. Just Scar alone in his castle, bristling with pride as he watched over the beautiful park that he'd poured his heart and soul into.

But the peace and serenity at the end of a busy day wasn't Scar's favourite thing about dusk, far from it. For nothing else could compare to the magical beauty of the sunset shining through the castle's stained glass windows, illuminating his bedroom in a myriad of colours. It never failed to bring a smile to his face, a testament to all he'd done to build this place from the ground and a stunning reward at the end of each long and exhausting day.

He briefly turned away from the dazzling spectacle of colours, eager to show their beauty to the very person (or feline, technically speaking) who had inspired this theme park in the first place. However, Jellie was sound asleep, snuggled against her favourite satin pillow on Scar's bed. Scar stifled a laugh; he spoiled that cat far too much. Carefully scooping her up from her resting place into his arms, he walked back over to the window and took one long final look at the park before the sun finally disappeared beneath the horizon.

Scar smiled, turning back to his bed and laying Jellie down to sleep once more. For now he would get his rest too, but he couldn't wait for tomorrow and all of the fun, whimsy and adventure it would bring.



To Ghast, Ophiuchi, and Star,



is for
Throne and Treasure



T is for Throne

Ren couldn't mask his smug, conceited grin as he sat atop his throne, looking down upon the grand hall of his castle, and by extension, the server itself. The hall was truly the highlight of the castle, with stone walls so high they could make even the most confident warrior feel small and helpless, and a stunning throne of diamond and netherite that served as a powerful testimony to his reign.

Declaring himself king had certainly been one of Ren's better ideas (despite it having technically been BDubs' idea) and sitting at what was both literally and figuratively the top of the world made him feel nothing like the lowly underdog he'd been only months ago.

He'd formed an army of loyal soldiers, his Royal Emeralds were in use at every shop across the server, and nobody had yet to so much as question his rule. Well, that wasn't entirely true, Ren had heard stirrings of a so-called 'resistance' spearheaded by none other than his dear neighbours Pearl, Gem and Impulse, but such rumours did little to concern him. Ren's hierarchy had been meticulously constructed to ensure that no rebellion or mutiny could bring an end to his reign, let alone come close to doing so.

That said, Ren didn't like the way his ears twitched nervously each time he thought about the resistance being formed against him. It would be foolish not to acknowledge the amount of backlash his actions had evoked, and if more Hermits decided to join the rebellion, perhaps they would become more of a thorn in his side than he initially anticipated.

The King rose from his throne, making his way to the large window at the end of the throne room and looking down upon the server. From the top of the castle at the mountain's peak the world before him seemed so small, as if he could hold it in the palm of his hand and do as he pleased with it. Thinking of the power he held over this little world only made Ren more eager to keep it, through whatever means he deemed necessary.

The sun outside shone almost as brightly as his future. With a prideful grin, Ren returned to his throne, his perch atop the world, ready to face whatever stood between him and the kingdom he had built.

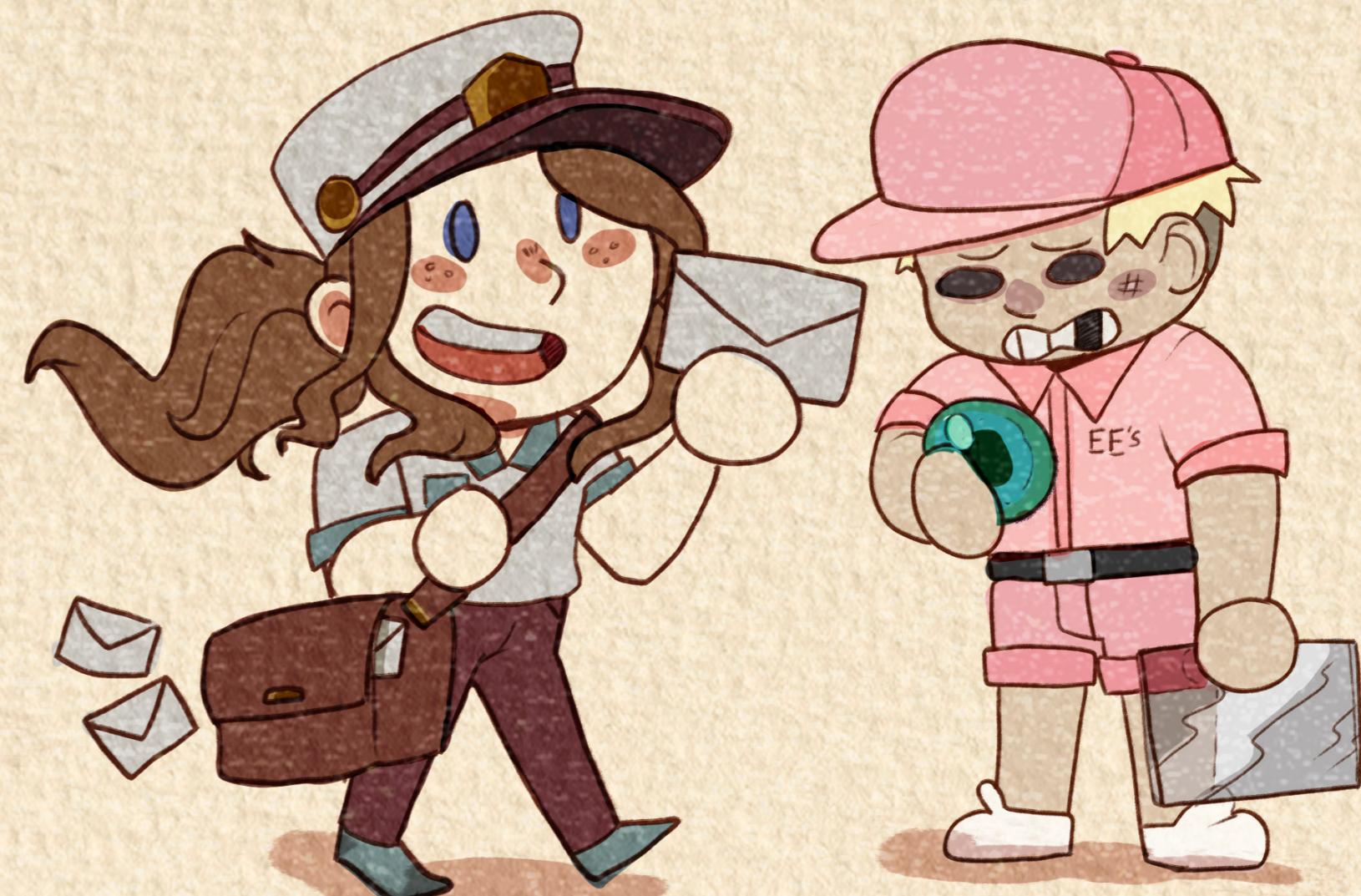
To EveryCaptain [Noah Reynolds]
and Rainy,

Uu

is for
Uniform



U is For Uniform

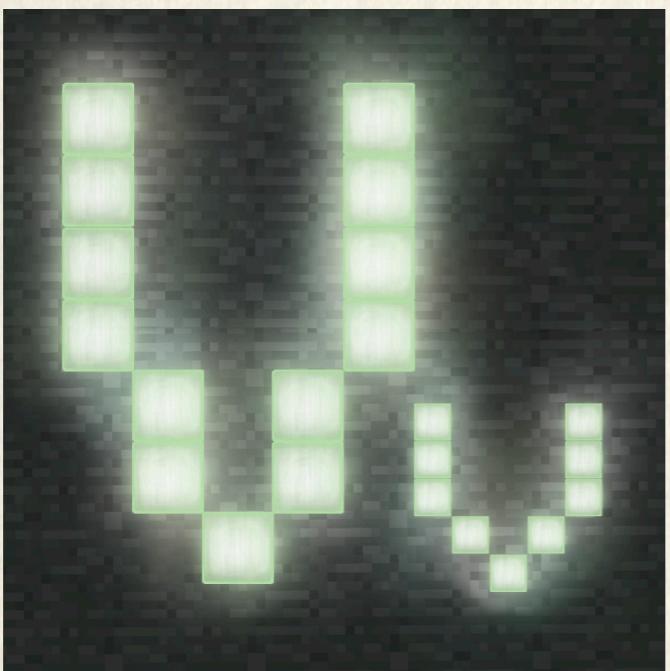


U is for uniform,
As spiff as can be,
A bag and a hat
And a letter or three.
Or maybe a tie 'round the neck
With a watch that goes tick,
Come swing by the office
But please make it quick.
A uniform is a mask,
It's a sports car that brays—
It's a pair of short shorts
And a certain sheep's gaze.
A hood, a robe,
Some new bright blue hair—
A uniform is anything,
Whatever you dare.

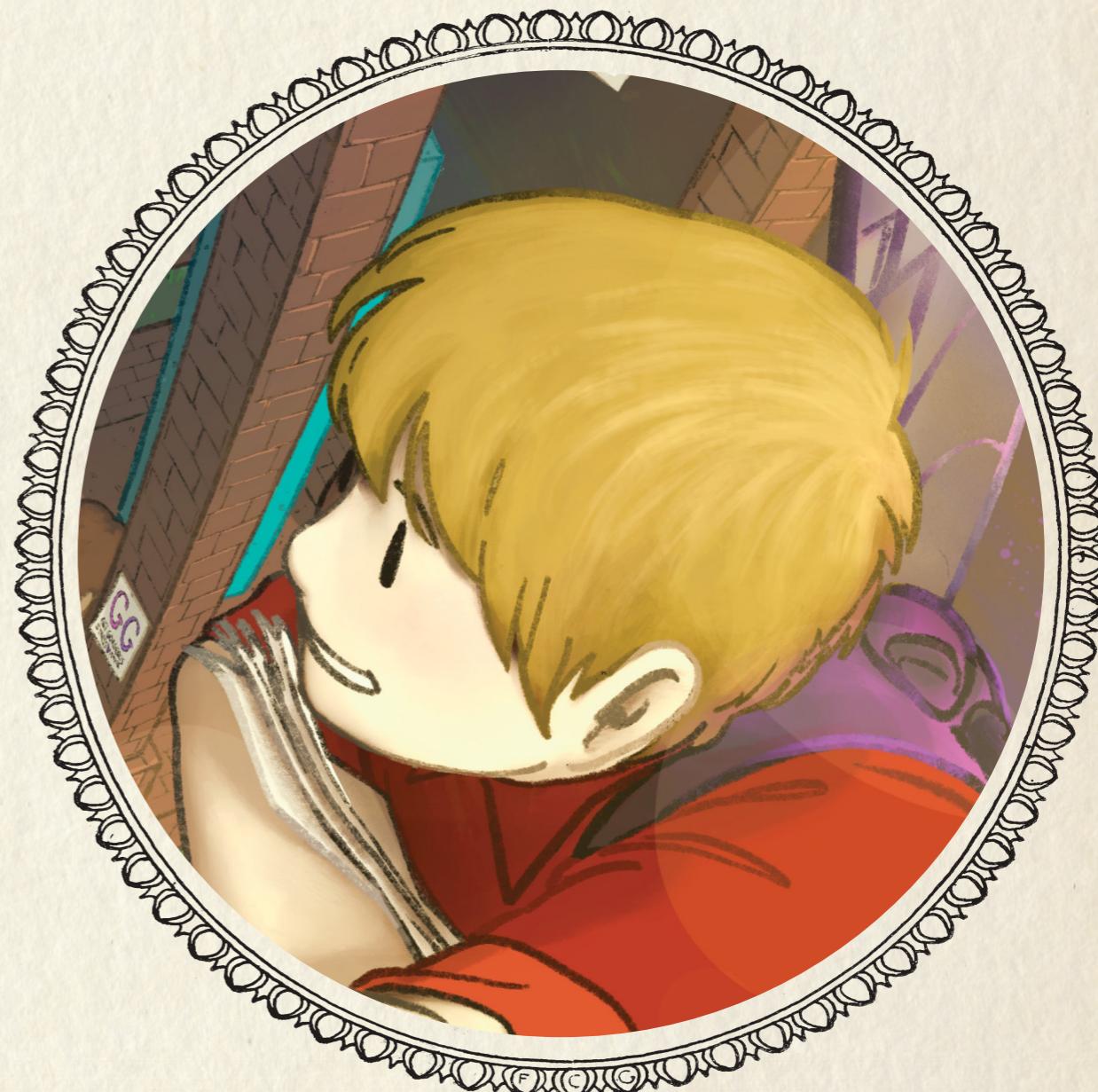
U is for underwater,
Swimming in the sea,
For undulating waves
And unending glee.
Cast your net or your rod
Seek for treasures untold,
Try the sea's patience
If you're feeling so bold.
There's trash and there's trinkets,
And books, too, somewhere—
So now there's a shrine
And a fisherman's prayer.
You might think him desperate,
You might think him mad,
But the sea's an old friend,
The very first one he had.

U is for universe,
This world and the next—
A robot can show you,
Put your questions in text.
Such a very small word
For something so large,
The infinite everything,
And it's all in your charge.
For you are the darkness,
And you are the light,
You aren't alone
In the stories you write.
Wherever you go,
Whatever you do,
Remember, remember,
The universe loves you.

To Digdipper09, Anemonet,
and Kait,

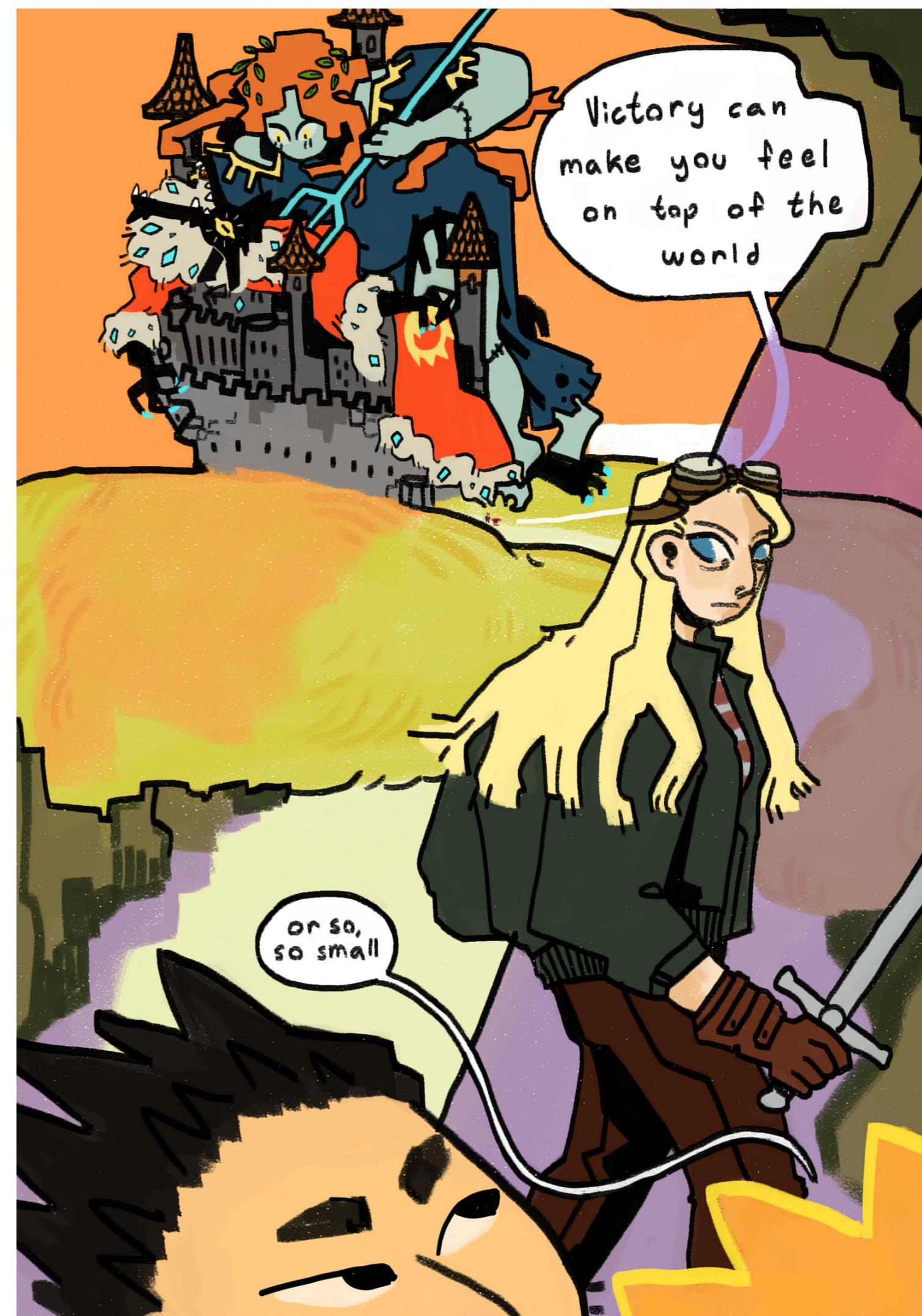


is for
**Vote, Victory,
and Voice**



From Posters to Monsters,
Staches to Shirts,
To aim for the Throne,
V is for Vote!







V is for Voice (Chat)

Xisuma had made a mistake. Well, there were actually a lot of people to blame.

Doc, and his hivemind, who had figured out how to hack into the communicator bracelets everyone wore. Through some tinkering magic, the atmosphere bubble around every Hermit no longer blocked speech.

Tango and the other redstoners, who had tweaked the system to let people choose when they wanted their speech broadcast. Then they shrank the tech to fit in their communicators, beefed up the ease of use, and, of course, made sure it looked really cool.

Xisuma, who allowed these changes to be implemented when they touched down in their eighth world, after a brief trial run as Hermits finished up back in world seven. And the rest of the Hermits. For being menaces.

It had started off simple. Hermits would leave the new feature on by accident after a conversation, then be jumpscared by the next passerby. Or, some had never gotten the hang of turning it on, and had to be walked through the process each time. Both of those were to be expected. It took some time to adjust to any new features.

But then, people realized just how silly they could get.

The faint sounds of Tango echoing up from inside a hollow mountain. Iskall and Etho experimenting with height

in their shattered savannah base. Bdubs's calls of "Gotta schreep!" as night flicked to day.

Boatem had a hell of a time. You could hardly have a conversation anywhere in the territory without at least one boat-knighted pest, or curious passerby, listening in around corners.

And then people started experimenting.

How far could you tunnel under someone's base? How close could you get? How loud would they scream when you shouted "Boo!"?

What was the best thing to say as you glided at mach speed over someone's head? How many words could you get, and how did that fare in comparison to how many rockets you'd fired to get up to speed? Was it funnier to keep doing it, to loop around, or to nosedive next to them in a shower of items and respawn magic?

Each Hermit found their own special style of crashing into conversations with their neighbors. The era of silent dancing and waving and pointing at your wrist to entice someone into a casual chat wasn't over, per say. It was just buffed by the knowledge that yes, Gem could now physically talk to Impulse, but why not do a little shimmy next to a sign?

World nine had brought along a new set of tactics. No, not just HoTgUy!

Where the hivemind had taken a moment to rest on their simple chatting laurels, Tango had needed more. He'd dug himself so far down into the stone that no passerby could hear him, no matter how much they tried.

Sure, they'd figured out discs before, and Cub was eyeing the new goat horns, but Tango had a vision. He. Needed. More.

The Hermits entering the depths of the Frozen Citadel knew the might that voice chat had opened up.

But this was still Hermitcraft. Not everything was polished, immersive experiences. Sometimes, the immersion was just plain dumb.



Xisuma leaned back against the tunnel wall as Grian ran over the plan again. "Alright X, you're going to go talk to Keralis. I'm going to be waiting underground, and when you say 'bananas,' I'll spleef him. Yes, X?"

X leveled his head. "How do I work bananas into a conversation?"

Grian let out the sigh of a great-grandfather tasked with watching seven toddlers. "I don't know, that's your job. My job is to dig."

"Why do I even need to distract him? I don't see—"

"Shh! There he is! Go!"

With that, X was shoved out of the hole, which then immediately filled back into a perfect landscape.

Grumbling all the way, X leaped up onto Keralis's wharf deck. "Ahoy!"

The big eyes of the master of large vehicles poked around a corner. "Shaschwammy!"

Easily, the pair found a rhythm in casual conversation. All thoughts of tropical fruit vanished from X's mind, until he caught himself mid-expression. "That's . . . bananas!"

Off the coast of Keralis's harbor, a firework launched into the air. Keralis and X stared as it exploded in a shower of purple sparkles. As the spectacle dissipated, the unmistakable call of "Hotguy!" made them whirl around.

X was too slow. He turned just in time to get an arrow in the forehead.

The first thing out of his mouth when he respawned was, "Scar!"

"Nope!" a different, significantly more feminine, voice said behind him.

Eyes glinting, Pearl grabbed the sheets of his bed and yanked, sending X sprawling to the floor.

As Xisuma blinked at the ceiling, the other two Soup Group members appeared, Impulse with an axe and Gem with a sword. In a perfect two-step that had to be choreographed, Impulse struck the bed and Gem stabbed down.

"See you soon!" Pearl called as X's world once again went red.

Anyone within a two-hundred block radius of spawn was greeted with a “What is going on!?” that shook the earth itself.

Something tapped him on the shoulder, and X, rightfully jumpy, jumped. Joe waved one of Cleo’s unattached hands, which wiggled its fingers. “Tag!” he announced, and took off toward the shopping district.

X stared dumbfoundedly. How had he gotten here? One thing was for sure. “I don’t have wings!” he called to Joe. Luckily, the man must have still been in range, because the speck quickly circled back.

“We knew we’d forgotten something,” Joe said cheerily as he landed. With a shimmy, he passed the backpack of flight over. “Your poetry prompt is . . . duplicates.”

Joe waggled his fingers on one hand while Cleo’s did the same in his other hand, creating a very odd display of jazz hands.

“Joe, I have no idea what that means.”

Not without an eye-roll, Joe grumbled. “The castle. Go to Ren’s castle.”

Mind filled with questions and vague memories of a costume party where he was the theme, Xisuma ran, jumped, and soared toward, hopefully, some answers.

He could hear the chatter from chunks away as he came in for a landing outside the former royal castle. While it had passed hands several times since the downfall of the monarchy, it didn’t see much consistent action anymore.

It was made all the weirder when a chorus of “SHHHHHH”s ceased all sound the moment his feet ran to a stop on the stoop.

The main hall was empty, but X remembered where the biggest impromptu meeting area was. He let gravity drop him down, and struggled to get a preview of things before he plonked directly in its center.

But the basement was dark, up until X landed with a crunch of Feather Falling.

And then the area lit up with fireworks and lamps as almost every Hermit yelled “Surprise!”

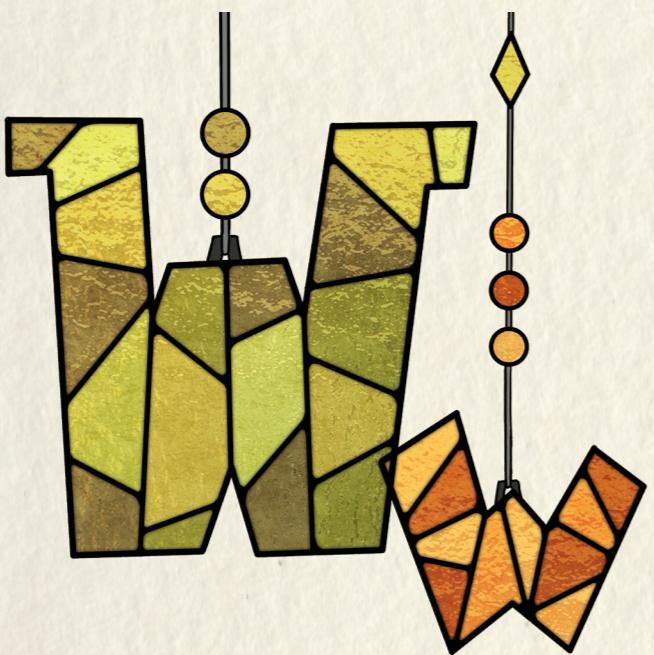
“Surprise!” echoed Grian’s hell-of-a-horn, making even the surprisers jump.

“What is this?” X demanded before any more loud sounds could fire off.

“Happy Birthday, X!” Cub announced. “Thanks for all you do!”

Xisuma looked around the party of his friends, thinking of all the strife they put him through in jest. He was glad for the voice chat so they could all hear him as he smiled and called, “Thank you!”

To Hex fish, Carime's treehouse,
and Fence,



is for
Window Watching
and **War**



The curtains are wide open,
Take a peek inside!
Through glass panes, there's a figure;
What is it they hide?

Their gaze is on an object,
Assembling a design.
Their hands carve with vigour:
A structure made of pine.

Her friend is being pictured—
With giant googly eyes.
Heads hung up for reference,
Joe looks almost right.

The Zombie's hands are restless,
They press on a hook knife.
One twist, then pull; like magic—
The statue's coming alive!

She turns the artwork and finds—
Mistakes that needed revise.
She spins the knife and jabs it.
Then yank, a woodchip flies.

A novel form for their art,
Not quite her Book and the stands.
Wood-working seemed ideal—
For styles that felt on-brand.

They smile at their creation.
There's still a ways to go!
She sets the knife on the table.
For now, they'd take it slow.



W is for window,
And what we see behind.
Cleo is wood-working—
What else is there to find?



To Peregrine, Cata, and Benjamyn,



is for
Season X



Monday Morning

Everything starts on a Monday morning. Xisuma steps out of thin air onto dewy grass and shivers, though the sun on the back of his neck tells him that it will be hot later.

He's here a few hours earlier than he really needs to be, but he would've been here a month ago if they'd let him in. Really, he's supposed to be setting up for the new season and confirming that everything will be working when his friends arrive later, but he's slacking. Most of what he's doing definitely falls a lot more securely into the 'walking around in the early morning sun and appreciating the beauty of the world in which you are about to make your life' category.

Oh yeah. That's what it's all about.

The others trickle slowly in, some of them on time and plenty of them scrambling into the world at the very last second. Mumbo trips in dragging Scar and Grian behind him, followed closely after by Tango shaking ice crystals from his hair and Doc emptying his pockets of all of the items he has totally legally brought with him. Others follow after, smuggling trinkets left over from previous lives and pulling on new outfits for the warmer weather.

Everyone comes bathed in joy.

By the time everyone has arrived, the little area around the lava pool that X has chosen for their introduction is crowded and full of life. Everyone is talking—greetings and well-wishes, of course, but also illicit deals of land that nobody yet owns and promises of resources that nobody should really be promising so confidently this early on. Someone knocks X into the lava pool, only mostly accidentally, and this leads to several long minutes of panicked sprinting to the nearest water source lest he lose Demise before they've even started.

That shove triggers most of what follows. X laughs and begs everyone not to touch him or he'll lose the game, then gathers everyone for the start of the season. Mumbo, much to his misery and to everyone else's delight, stumbles his way through an introductory speech and a warm welcome to their two new hermits. Joel goes red when everyone looks at him and Skizz is already crying.

Grian, always the orchestrator of things like these, explains the rules of Demise like they don't already know them, and then makes several strongly worded threats to people who are on his hit list. Ren tries to make a brief

announcement about co-op caving that gets overridden by the immediate sea of punching, and then everyone is let loose on the world.

X punches some dirt. That's always a good place to start.

It isn't until Ren starts sorting people into caving groups that X realizes that both Keralis and Wels are missing. This sucks at first but sucks less later when he scrolls through an amusing hundred messages from Papa K demanding that they not start without him. Oh, well, something always has to go wrong, and this is one of those things that X really should've tested for but would have no way of predicting anyway.

They make it home later, when they're both well and truly late. Keralis, at least, makes it in time to be accidentally forgotten about during the co-op caving along with the rest of his teammates (Ren will get a very angry customer service email about that later, probably) and to only mostly miss the early-season shenanigans. Wels is less fortunate, only making it in time to be shoved down a hole to a zombie spawner and be victim to attempted murder. Well, what can you do?

A few days later, around the same time as all other long-term alliances start to come to life, X is promised a big hat and a corporate position that should probably be paying him less than it is to just sit around and

do things that people in big hats do. This, of course, comes hand in hand with several friends and a communal starting base, so X does not find himself lonely at the beginning of a big new world.

He spends his days laughing. Either he's mining and there is someone at his side protecting him from any stray creepers, or he's building the beginnings of his new life in cobble and wood, or he's exploring the -for once not terrible!- nether with his little group of adventurers. At night they light the campfire in the middle of town and tell stories and play music and make mistakes under a sky composed of new constellations, until they pass out one by one in the grass.

There is a careful, comfortable silence.

X wakes up early. He's good at that sort of thing. He locates his sword, discarded the previous night in favor of a paper plate of some of the least barbequable barbecued foods he's ever eaten, and pulls it close just in case there are still mobs out. It's still just about dark, sunrise threatening to spill over the horizon with its soft orange light, and he basks in the quiet peacefulness of it all before he realizes that he's getting well soaked with the early morning mist and that he should probably at least sit himself back up on one of the benches nearby.

Movement catches his attention as he continues lounging

in the dewy grass. Ren, a few meters outside of their little circle of sleeping friends and discarded tools, sits up unsteadily and rubs his eyes. He blinks at X in the dark.

For a few moments, neither of them say anything, both unsure whether the other is actually awake. Then, with his jeans creased where he'd slept with his legs crossed and a few remnant pieces of grass stuck to his cheeks, Ren crawls his way over to X and leans against the log next to him.

"You're up early," he comments, voice hoarse from disuse, or possibly overuse last night, and quiet. "Somethin' keepin' you up?"

Xisuma shrugs, tipping his head back to stare at the open sky above him. It's pink now, the beginnings of light emerging from behind a thick layer of clouds. "I'm just a morning kind of guy. Plus, we're all sitting here like fools without anyone to keep mobs away from the camp. Who fell asleep and let that happen?"

Ren laughs sheepishly in the way that people do when they know they're getting told off but don't really want to discuss it with adult words. "Oh, you know, it was a group decision."

"Right."

Laughing quietly to himself, Ren follows X's gaze. "How are you feeling?" he asks, because he has to. "New season treatin' you well, my friend?"

"Of course, Ren," X says, because he has to, because there is never any other truth. "Always."

Ren smiles, then grumbles a complaint as he stretches out and every joint he owns pops. X laughs kindly at him, then makes even worse noises as he struggles to get to his feet.

"Where are you headed?" Ren asks, like he's definitely not going to follow and is very strongly considering just falling asleep again right here if X has no further use for him.

"Someone needs to make breakfast, or you'll all be cranky when you get up," X replies, knowing that he's much more likely to spend the next several hours keeping watch and admiring the sunrise next to his sleeping comrades before any of them actually wake up and start asking after breakfast. But, it's enough to sate Ren's curiosity, and all he mumbles is a quiet 'Suit yourself', before he curls up next to the dying campfire and shuts his eyes again.

X smiles. This silence, and the moment between now and afterwards, when everything is still, is what it's all for.



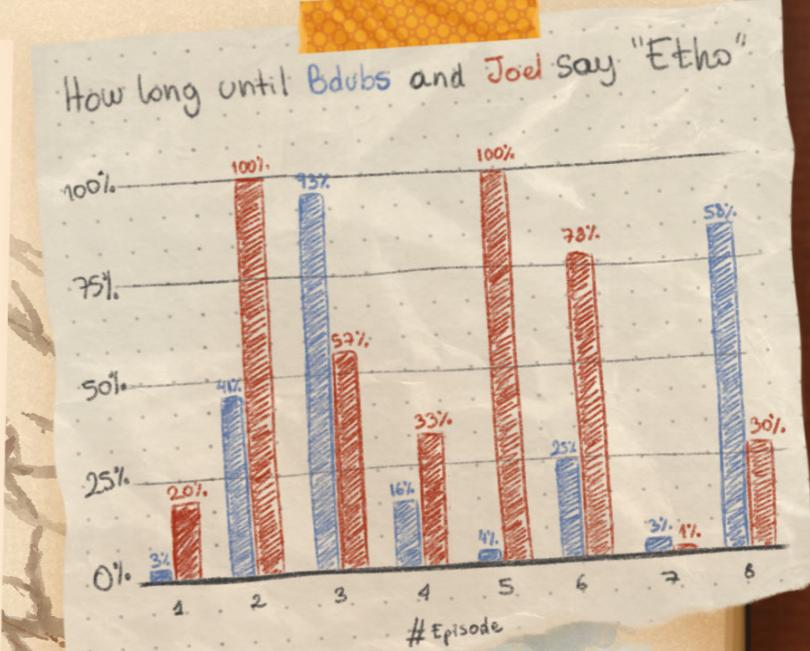
New season,
new members!!!



GIGACON!!



Postal Service!
TANGO Etho Pearl



To Elliot, Radish, and Bluequills,



is for

Yelp



fantastic time playing

Shopping
Closed

We have a lot c
lot of sand.

Buy your Sahara i
today! Only 100 dia
lifetime of amazing

Rendog @RenTheK
★★★★★
Sweet grand open
take a couple mo
diamond beacor

GoodTimesWi'
★★★★★
Thanks for
10/10 sa'
doing '

membership, but it was a bit expensive i av to say :)



Untitled - Notepad

File Edit Search Help



DECKED OUT 2

★★★★★ 5.0 (19 reviews)

Mini games The Deep Frost Citadel
Open

Welcome to the Deep Frost Citadel, home to the deck building, dungeon crawling, treasure hunting game known as Decked Out 2! In this game, brave and foolish adventurers alike will dive deep into the Dungeon in order to retrieve and extract ancient artifacts. Do you have what it takes to survive the Dungeon?



Etho @ladders

★★★★★
i had tons of fun playing decked out! thank you tango for making it! (save rusty!)PearlescentMoon @postmaster_pearl
★★★★★
Beautiful job. Tango, Decked Out was so fun to play and I had a lovely time!

GoodTimesWithScar @HoTgUy

★★★★★

Hanging out with everyone playing Decked Out has become one of my favourite things to do on the server, big thank you to Tango for making an absolutely amazing game!

Cubfan135 @praisebee

★★★★★

2nd place! really really sweet game, had a fantastic time playing



SAHARA

★★★ 3.0 (10 reviews)

Shopping The Shopping District
Closed

We have a lot of stuff, but we have a lot of sand.

Buy your Sahara Now membership today! Only 100 diamonds for a lifetime of amazing deals!

Rendog @RenTheKing

★★★★★

Sweet grand opening my dudes, I'll take a couple more of those 1 diamond beacons if that's alright :D

GoodTimesWithScar @HoTgUy

★★★★★

Thanks for the memberships, Iskall! 10/10 salesmen ability. Pleasure doing business with you, my friend

Stressmonster101 @GetGorgeous

★★★★★

lookin forward to using my sahara now membership, but it was a bit expensive i av to say :)

Cubfan @praisebee

You should shop at Concop instead

Iskall85 @diorite_is_ugly

[Business Owner]

no advertising!!!





THE PERIMETER

4.0 (12 reviews)

Megabases Art Galleries
South of Scarland
[Open](#)

Grind. Optimize. Automate. Thrive.

Grian @poultry_man

★★★★
would be a shame if something happened to it

MumboJumbo @PeaceLoveAndPlants
oh absolutely haha

Iskall85 @diorite_is_ugly
lol

Docm77 @theGoatfather
[Business Owner]
i cannot believe this. i would be impressed if i wasn't furious.

GoodTimesWithScar @HoTgUy
it's gone already :(

Docm77 @theGoatfather
[Business Owner]
remember, this is the goats world, you're just living in it



PERMIT OFFICE

2.0 (15 reviews)

Public Services
The Shopping District
[Closed Sunday 2-3pm](#)

"We're sometimes here to help"

SmallishBeans @neckkisses

★★★★★
mixed feelings, but this place isn't actually that bad

GeminiTay @pink_snail
yeah sure

GoodTimesWithScar @HoTgUy
★★★★★
If I get put on hold one more time I am going to lose my mind

Skizzleman @skizzleface

★★★★★
make way for the POE POE baby!

BdoubleO100 @youllspeakwhenspokento

★★★★★
i still havent gotten any apologies for my harassment in the permit challenges



SCARLAND

5.0 (21 reviews)

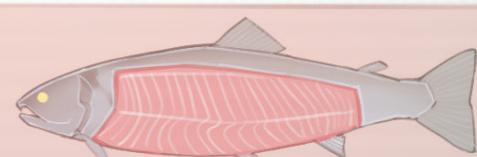
Amusement Parks
North of The Perimeter
[Open Until 7pm](#)

Step through the gates of Scarland and immerse yourself in a world of magic and wonder! Take a stroll down Main Street and explore all of the shops Scarland has to offer, taking in the sights as you go. Follow the winding path up towards the magical Scarland castle and be sure to see the iconic fireworks show out behind it every night... [Read More](#)

ImpulseSV @dippedlop

★★★★★
Scarland is epic! i loved working here :D

NOT ENOUGH SALMON IN YOUR LIFE?
BIG SALMON



GET SALMON NOW



12:31 AM
4/13/2012

To Ghozt, Berri, and
Zephaniah Grains,



is for
Zenith



Z is for ZENITH- the peak of the arch,
The tippy-top point, the highest-up part.
These hermits build higher and
higher each day-

On the Hermitcraft server,
they work *and* they play!



Castles and pyramids, hills, trees, and zoos,
Races and build-offs and flying Scars too-

Monolithic achievements that
soar to new heights:

Come to Hermitcraft!
Look up! See the sights!

Now Doc, Joel, and Etho, with ImpulseSV,
Bdubs, Gem, Grian, Wels, dear TFC,
While Keralis and Pearlo relax in the shade-



They're all here together, among what they've made!

Zed, X, and xB, Scar, Skizz, and Stress,
False, Ren and Tango, and all of the rest:
That's Hypno and Iskall and Mumbo Jumbo,
And Beef, Joe, and Jevin, and Cub and Cleo-





- 'cross updates and servers they
build, prank, and fight, -
Through days bright with laughter
and long evenings
From wonders below to the
up above
- through trials & errors, creating with love.'

Now q must tell you
sadly: this zine's
at an end-

But there's always
more Hermitcraft
just 'round the bend.

And us here in the
meantime to
celebrate

The marvelous
zeniths they've
conquered to date!

* Jim

PERM
For the

er

A is for Acknowledgements

Thank you for reading Hermitzine 9: H is for Hermitcraft. This edition has come together through an entire alphabet's worth of creativity, diligence and teamwork from our contributors, and we're deeply grateful to each and every one of them for coming along for the ride.

Of course, we wouldn't be gathered together to make this zine if it wasn't for the Hermits. Without their wonderful creative productions, your incredible videos, builds, storylines and friendships, this zine wouldn't exist. Thank you for being an inspiration to so many, including every one of us.

Lastly, thank you all for reading this zine. This project has been a work of love and appreciation, and we're grateful to be able to share it with you.

— The Hermitzine Mod Team

Meet
the Mods



Aa

Cc

Ff

Mm

Uu

Ww

a10

Participant Communication
Boxbug  

Cloud/Ray

Promotional Content Creation
Rayhantochtli   

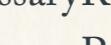
Freddie

Community Events
Noctude   

Marzo

Editing and Layout
Martuzzio  

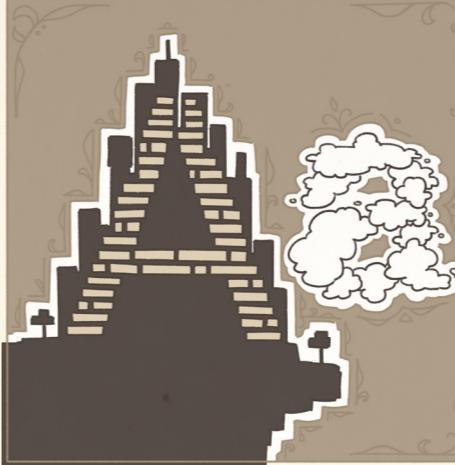
UnnecessaryRedstone

Infrastructure and Quality Control
UnnecessaryRedstone  
UnnecessaryRed1 

Watt

Writing
Helsknight  
Pikmlm 

Meet the Participants



Kaya

kayawolfhorse

Raiain

kayawolfhorse

Havana Harrow

raiain

raiain.art

crafting-mojo

harrowsart



Pickel

unpickell

Alexandrasketch

unpickel

Roy

alexandrasketch

duckmumbo

musicaltvbooks



Cal

calciumyum

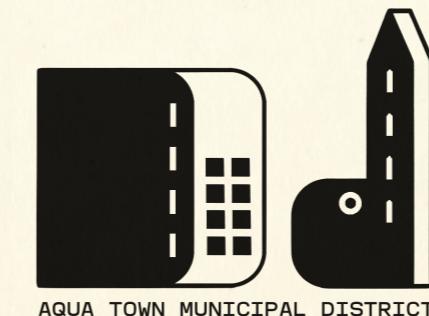
Violet

violet-fire-cat

Fire_Cat

AFK

AFKarchive



AQUA TOWN MUNICIPAL DISTRICT

Sanastratus

sanastratus

Foggryaven

foggysilverfeathers

Foggy_Raven

Rye

LoafBoyRye

LoafBoyRye



Rayhan rayhantochtli
Leo seawaveleo
Dopple dont-doubt-dopple
dopple_girl



Sam queercode-my-minecraft
Ember_Eyes_are_for_Tigers
Gaea gaeaeagle
Calocreek calocreek



Otse hahaotsegoesbr
Otselotus
Tibby tibbycaps_
tibby-art
Nine_of_Diamonds Nine_of_Diamonds
nine-of-diamonds



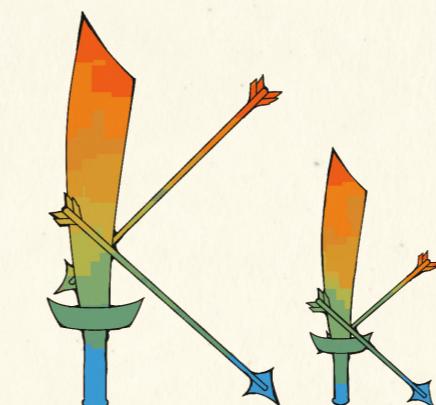
Altarikos Altarikos
Oliver mothayoin
Ghost aliteral-ghost
ALiteral_Ghost



brick brickatello
brick-rolled
Setacin Setacinn
Setacin
Lotus gaylotusthatexists
amybri2002



Kip unkempt
Forest forestquills
f0restquills
Cydanite cydanite



Fred jack-enbyfold
Alexthetrashbag
Cedar cornercritter
dailyfalse symmetry
calwasfound



Moon matutito
matutito_69
Klaiis _kaens
klaiis_
Kait Uy8hg
Uy8hg-art



Cryrosaur cryrosaur
Mason gammagoop



PumpkinJuice pmpkn-juice-art
Luigra luigra
Slushy caroline-bunny
slushyisnthere



Aquinnix aquinnix
Cyno ccynosaur
Yuzuki Makata makatalt



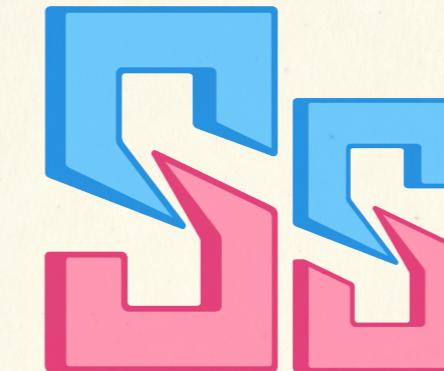
Mels melsrainpod
Ro roe-oo
Corvid corviddrawsstuff



Glad
Yukon_Errr Yukon_Errr
whereismycaplock



Lemon
Py Py
Benjamyn Benjamyn



Wendy hoodie_season_
hoodieseasoned
Toby kyxuu_x
kyxuu
Star starlit_voids



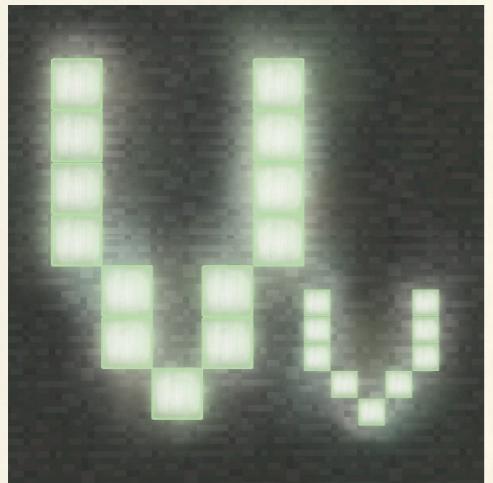
Ghast KingTheGhast
Ophiuchi _0phiuchi
thatnerdydino
Star starlit_voids



Rainy
EveryCaptain
[Noah Reynolds]

rainyinautumn t ✎

EveryCaptain t 🐦 📸
BucksBasement
t ✎ 🗣 🦋



Digdipper09

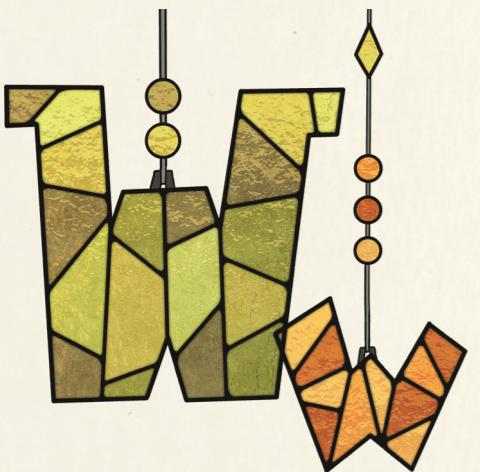
digdipper09 🐦 🎥
dipperdot09 🎨

Anemonet

Anemonet t

Kait

Uy8hg t 📸 ✎
Uy8hg-art t



Hex fish

hexisafish t
Hex_fish 🐦

Carime's treehouse

carimes_treehouse ✎
reblog-house t

Fence

Fenceington 🐦
Fence-time t



Peregrine

milkypiggybeans t 🐦

Cata

catabatata 🐦 📸

Benjamyn

cata-strophes t
AFiniteRedwood t ✎



Elliott
Radish
Bluequills

chrysochroma t ✎
Radishearts t 🐦 📸 🎵
BlueQuills_ 🐦
bluequillss t



Ghozt
Berri

website
snazzi-strawberri-artz t
snazzistrawberi 🐦
sixteenthdays ✎
(cowriter)

Zephaniah Grains

